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AMERICAN
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№ 5 APRIL-MAY

SPY-HUNTERS

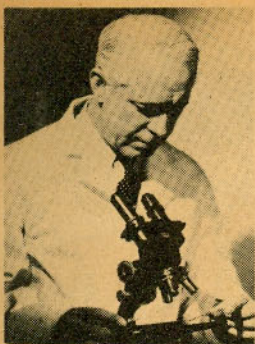
AMERICA'S UNSUNG HEROES
in DARING ACTION...DEADLY INTRIGUE...GLAMOROUS ROMANCE!

10¢





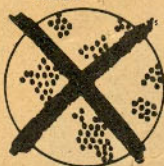
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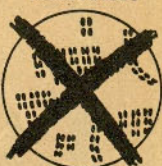
RESEARCH EXPERT SAYS:

AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFIC FORMULA (Contains no Alcohol) DESTROYS THESE HAIR-KILLING GERMS:

STAPHYLOCOCCUS
ALBUS



MOROCOCCUS



MICROBACILLUS



PITYROSPORUM
OVALE



NOTHING CAN DO MORE TO

SAVE YOUR HAIR

Look for these symptoms: ITCHY SCALP, DANDRUFF, UNPLEASANT HEAD ODORS, HEAD SCALES, HAIR LOSS. It may be nature's warning of approaching baldness. Be guided by NATURE'S WARNING. Do as thousands do: start using the NEW AND IMPROVED, AMAZING, SCIENTIFIC HAIR RESEARCH FORMULA (it contains no alcohol!).

NEW FORMULA GIVES BETTER RESULTS

It kills quickly and efficiently millions of trouble-breeding bacteria. This new and improved HAIR RESEARCH FORMULA now kills safely and quickly ALL FOUR types of these destructive hair germs. Many medical authorities know that these hair-destroying germs are a significant cause of baldness. Do what science knows nothing better for you to do: KILL THESE GERMS, they may DESTROY your HAIR growth. Act now, mail coupon below and test it at home for 10 days FREE at our expense! No other formula known to science can do more to SAVE YOUR HAIR!

GET FIVE IMMEDIATE BENEFITS

- (1) Kill the four types of germs that may be retarding your normal hair growth.
- (2) Help stop scalp itch and burn.
- (3) Follow the instructions of the treatment and start enjoying healthful massaging action.
- (4) Helps bring hair-nourishing blood to scalp.
- (5) Helps remove ugly loose dandruff.

Don't wait till you get BALD! It's TOO LATE then. Remember, science knows no cure for baldness. The NEW AND IMPROVED HAIR RESEARCH FORMULA that contains no alcohol, helps keep your scalp (that may be sick) free of loose dandruff, seborrhea, and helps stop the hair loss they cause. With this formula your hair will appear thicker, more alive and attractive almost from the first time you use it.

SATISFIED USERS SAY:

Nothing I have ever used has done more for my hair. A. P., Trenton, N. J.

My friends remark how much better my hair looks after using your formula for only two weeks. Mr. A. L., Boston, Mass.

No hair expert I have ever gone to has done as much for me. H. T., New York City.

My scalp feels better, my hair looks better, my hair itch is gone; it's the only thing that ever helped my hair. H. H., Chicago, Ill.



MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE WITH A 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

If the NEW AND IMPROVED HAIR RESEARCH FORMULA doesn't live up to your expectations, if you don't feel it's the best thing you ever did for your hair, if your hair and scalp doesn't appear improved, if you are not 100% delighted with it, if after using it for 10 days you don't see an improvement, return the unused portion and your money will be refunded in full. You have nothing to lose, you are the sole judge. SO DON'T DELAY, MAIL COUPON TODAY!

SENT ON APPROVAL!

HAIR RESEARCH CO., Dept. 53
1025 Broad Street
Newark, New Jersey

Rush one month's supply of your NEW AND IMPROVED AMAZING SCIENTIFIC HAIR RESEARCH FORMULA at once. I enclose \$2.00 cash, check or money order, ship prepaid. My money will be refunded if not satisfied.

Name
Address
City State

I understand if not delighted with the NEW AND IMPROVED HAIR FORMULA, I can return it after 10 days for full purchase price refund.
☐ I enclose \$5.00, send 3 months supply.

Jonathan Kent

**ESPIONAGE
ACE**

I'M GLAD TO MEET YOU, MISS SANOVIC -- AND **NOT** MERELY BECAUSE YOU'RE THE DAUGHTER OF THE YUGOSLAVIAN AMBASSADOR!

A MYSTERIOUS VESSEL LURKING IN THE OFFSHORE FOG -- A BEAUTIFUL GIRL WHO VANISHES IN A HAZE OF SUSPICION -- A LIST OF COLORS THAT MAY DECIDE THE DESTINY OF AN ENTIRE NATION! ADD EQUAL AMOUNTS OF HARD THINKING AND HARD HITTING BY **JONATHAN KENT** -- AND YOU'VE GOT ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING SPY THRILLERS IN THE FILES OF THE **COUNTERESPIONAGE SERVICE!**

KENT, NEXT MONDAY THE EMINENT ATOMIC SCIENTIST, DR. MITCHELL, IS SAILING TO YUGOSLAVIA -- VIA TRIESTE! HIS MISSION IS HIGHLY SECRET -- THE CONSTRUCTION OF A STEEL MILL THAT CAN BE CONVERTED INTO AN A-BOMB PLANT IF AND WHEN NECESSARY! MISS SANOVIC THINKS **SOMEONE** ON THE EMBASSY STAFF IS A RED SPY -- **ASSIGNED TO SPIKE AMERICAN AID TO YUGOSLAVIA!**



I'M NOT **SURE** ABOUT MY SUSPICIONS, MR. KENT -- BUT I WISH YOU'D COME TO THE RECEPTION AT THE EMBASSY TONIGHT! IF NO ONE ON THE STAFF KNOWS WHO YOU ARE -- YOU MAY UNCOVER SOMETHING INTERESTING!

IF YOU HAD ANY BUSINESS AROUND HERE, CHUM -- YOU'D KNOW THESE DOORS ARE SOUND PROOF!

O.K. -- GOT ANY PARTICULAR SPOT IN MIND?

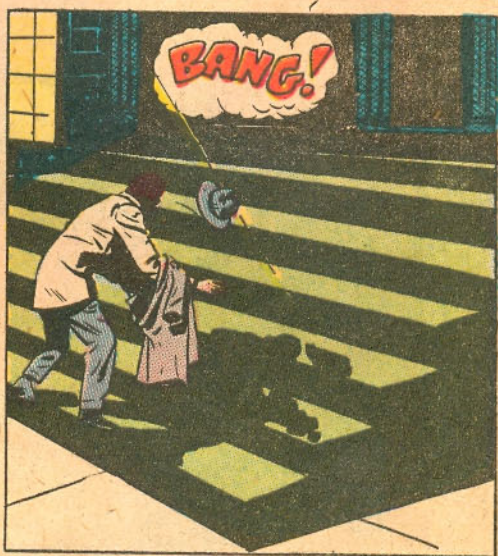
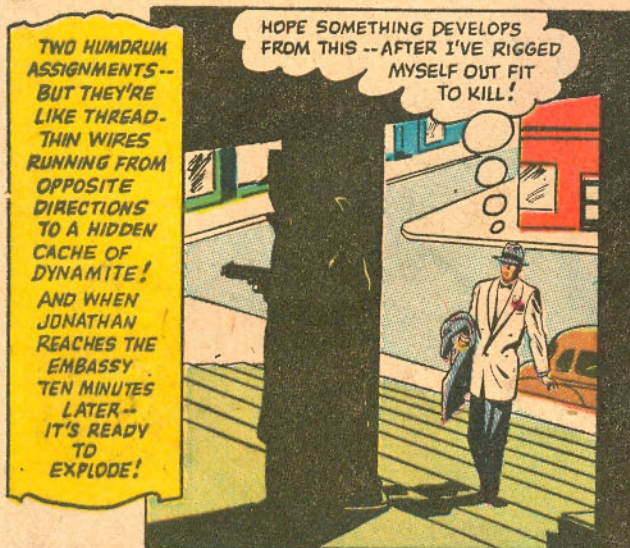
MR. KENT -- WAIT! THAT'S KARLAK -- ONE OF THE EMBASSY CONSULS!

MAYBE SOONER THAN YOU THINK, HONEY! SOMEONE'S BEEN STANDING IN THE CORRIDOR FOR THE PAST MINUTE --

TRYING TO LISTEN IN!

DOG! PUT ME DOWN!





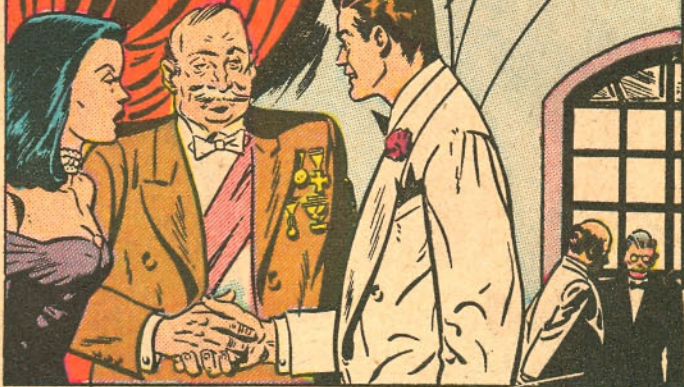
KNOCKED TO THE BOTTOM OF THE STEPS, THE MYSTERIOUS ASSAILANT MAKES A FAST DISAPPEARANCE!

LOST HIM -- BUT THERE'S NOTHING LIKE ATTEMPTED HOMICIDE TO GET A PARTY MOVING! MIGHT AS WELL BOW MY WAY IN -- AND WATCH OUT FOR A KNIFE IN MY BACK WHILE I'M DOING IT! WISH I'D SEEN THAT LAD'S FACE, THOUGH --



NICE OF YOU TO COME, MR. KENT! TECLA HAS TOLD ME ALL ABOUT YOU!

THANKS, MR. AMBASSADOR! I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO HER TELLING ME A FEW THINGS ABOUT YOU!



TEN MINUTES LATER...

I'D ALMOST FEEL OUT OF PLACE AMONG ALL THESE MEDALS AND TITLES--IF I DIDN'T KNOW **SOMEONE** IN THE CROWD IS ITCHING TO PUT A BULLET IN ME! WELL, LET'S SEE WHAT TECLA HAS TO SAY!



WAIT... WE CAN'T TALK HERE!

HOW RIGHT YOU ARE, BABY! SOMEONE'S TRYING TO MAKE SURE I DON'T TALK ANYWHERE!



BEFORE WE BEGIN -- WHO ELSE BESIDE YOURSELF KNEW I'D BE HERE TONIGHT?

WHY -- NO ONE BUT FATHER! I TOLD HIM YOU INTENDED TO KEEP YOUR IDENTITY SECRET --AND HE DECIDED TO SAY NOTHING TO ANY OF HIS STAFF!



THAT'S INTERESTING -- BECAUSE SOMEONE TOOK A SHOT AT ME AS I ARRIVED -- SOMEONE WHO WAS **EXPECTING ME!** DON'T YOU THINK THAT'S CARRYING DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY A LITTLE **FAR?**

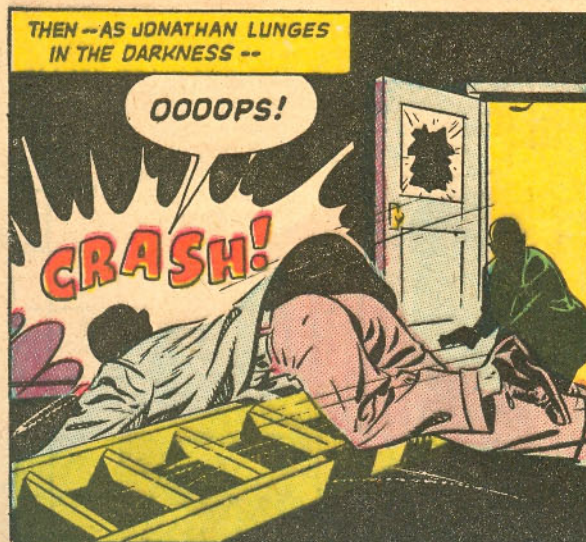
WHAT ARE YOU HINTING AT, MR. KENT? IF YOU CAN'T TRUST MY FATHER AS THE REPRESENTATIVE OF A FRIENDLY NATION -- AT LEAST RESPECT HIM AS THE MAN WHO HAS OFFERED YOU HIS HOSPITALITY!



ALL RIGHT, TECLA -- HOW ABOUT **TRADING** SUSPICIONS? YOU HAD SOMETHING ON YOUR MIND -- REMEMBER?

IT'S PROBABLY NOTHING -- NOTHING AT ALL! BUT I'VE NOTICED KARLAK SPENDS HOURS IN THE EMBASSY LIBRARY -- JUST READING BOOKS ON **COLOR!** IT'S SUCH A **STRANGE** SUBJECT--FOR A DIPLOMAT!







HE'S GIVEN ME THE SLIP AGAIN!
THAT THUMP WE HEARD MUST HAVE
BEEN THE LADDER FALLING -- AND FROM
ITS POSITION, HE WAS FIDDLING AROUND
WITH THE LIGHT FIXTURE!
IN MY TRADE,
THAT GENERALLY
MEANS ONE THING
-- A LISTENING
DEVICE!



NOTHING HERE -- AND THAT LEAVES TWO OTHER
POSSIBILITIES! HE MAY HAVE BEEN READY TO
SWITCH THE APPARATUS FROM ANOTHER PART
OF THE ROOM -- OR HE MAY HAVE REMOVED
IT ALTOGETHER, JUST
AS I CAME IN!

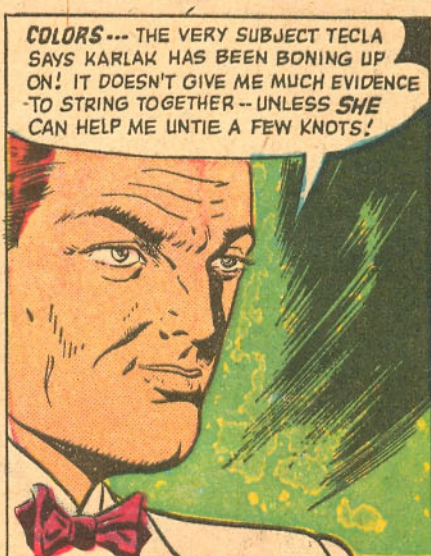


THE AMBASSADOR'S DESK
IS LOCKED -- BUT THERE
COULD BE SOMETHING
BEHIND THIS PORTRAIT
OF MARSHAL TITO!
AND BY GOSH --
THERE IS!



IT'S OBVIOUSLY A CODE --
BUT NO OFFICIAL CIPHER
WOULD BE HIDDEN BEHIND
A PICTURE!

Dark violet
Dark blue
Pale green
Dark yellow
Bright violet
Pale red
Pale green
Dark green
Bright violet
Pale yellow
Bright yellow
Medium yellow
Dark red
Pale red
Black



COLORS --- THE VERY SUBJECT TECLA
SAYS KARLAK HAS BEEN BONING UP
ON! IT DOESN'T GIVE ME MUCH EVIDENCE
TO STRING TOGETHER -- UNLESS SHE
CAN HELP ME UNTIE A FEW KNOTS!



MINUTES LATER -- AS JONATHAN SCANS
THE CROWDED RECEPTION HALL --

NICE PARTY, EXCELLENCY!
BY THE WAY -- HAVE
YOU SEEN TECLA?

COME TO THINK OF
IT -- NO! AND
INCIDENTALLY -- HAVE
YOU SEEN
KARLAK?



IN THE SPACE OF A HALF-HOUR I'VE BEEN SHOT
AT TWICE -- FOUND A SECRET CODE -- BUILT UP
SUSPICIONS ABOUT THREE PEOPLE -- AND LOST
TRACK OF TWO OF THEM! MIGHT AS WELL
CALL IT A NIGHT -- AND TRY TO CRACK
THAT CODE!

NEXT DAY -- AT HEADQUARTERS --

I'M ABOUT READY TO GIVE UP TRYING TO DECIPHER THAT LIST OF COLORS, CHIEF -- BUT SUPPOSE IT CONCERNS DR. MITCHELL'S SECRET MISSION? HE'S DUE TO SAIL IN LESS THAN TWENTY HOURS -- AND SOMEHOW, I'VE GOT TO COME UP WITH A FEW ANSWERS BEFORE THEN!

IT'S A TICKLISH PROBLEM, KENT! WE CAN'T ASK THE **AMBASSADOR** TO EXPLAIN WHAT THOSE COLORS MEAN -- WITHOUT REVEALING THAT YOU WERE SNOOPING AROUND HIS OFFICE! WITH THE BEST INTENTIONS, OF COURSE -- BUT SUPPOSE IT *ISN'T* A CODE? CAN YOU PICTURE WHAT *THAT* WOULD DO TO OUR RELATIONS WITH YUGOSLAVIA?



WHAT ABOUT DR. MITCHELL? THINK ANY TRAILS WOULD LEAD TO HIM?

NOT A CHANCE! WE'VE GOT TWO MEN WATCHING HIS HOME NIGHT AND DAY -- AND THEY'LL STICK WITH HIM UNTIL HE WALKS UP THE GANGPLANK!

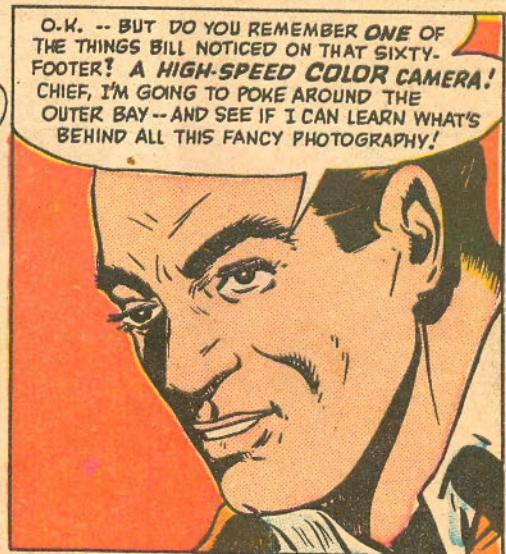


WAIT A MINUTE! COULDN'T THERE BE SOME CONNECTION BETWEEN THE FACT THAT DR. MITCHELL'S SAILING TOMORROW -- AND THAT CRUISER ANCHORED OFFSHORE WITH SUSPECTED COMMUNIST AGENTS ABOARD?

POSSIBLY -- BUT THEY'RE *STILL* OUTSIDE THE THREE-MILE LIMIT! BILL HOLMES LEARNED A FEW THINGS ABOUT THEM BY USING BINOCULARS -- AND THAT'S ABOUT AS FAR AS INTERNATIONAL LAW WILL LET US GO!



O.K. -- BUT DO YOU REMEMBER *ONE* OF THE THINGS BILL NOTICED ON THAT SIXTY-FOOTER? A **HIGH-SPEED COLOR CAMERA!** CHIEF, I'M GOING TO POKE AROUND THE OUTER BAY -- AND SEE IF I CAN LEARN WHAT'S BEHIND ALL THIS FANCY PHOTOGRAPHY!



MAYBE JONATHAN'S FINALLY ON THE BEAM -- AND MAYBE HE *ISN'T*! BUT WITHIN A FEW MINUTES AFTER HE LEAVES --

NO -- THERE'S NO WAY OF GETTING IN TOUCH WITH KENT, MR. AMBASSADOR! ANYTHING WRONG?

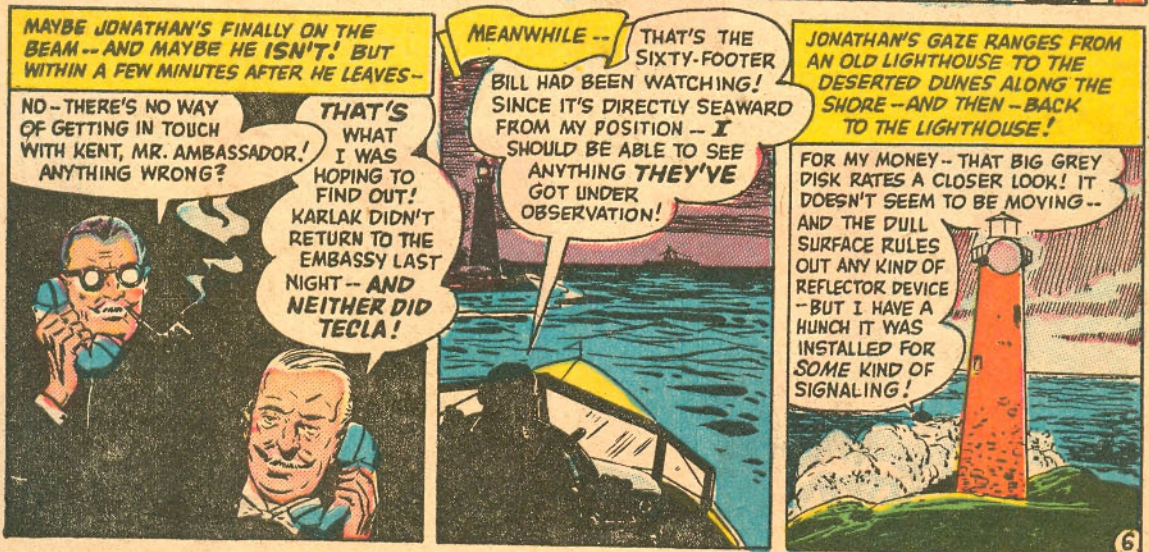
THAT'S WHAT I WAS HOPING TO FIND OUT! KARLAK DIDN'T RETURN TO THE EMBASSY LAST NIGHT -- AND NEITHER DID **TECLA!**

MEANWHILE --

THAT'S THE SIXTY-FOOTER BILL HAD BEEN WATCHING! SINCE IT'S DIRECTLY SEAWARD FROM MY POSITION -- I SHOULD BE ABLE TO SEE ANYTHING *THEY'VE* GOT UNDER OBSERVATION!

JONATHAN'S GAZE RANGES FROM AN OLD LIGHTHOUSE TO THE DESERTED DUNES ALONG THE SHORE -- AND THEN -- BACK TO THE LIGHTHOUSE!

FOR MY MONEY -- THAT BIG GREY DISK RATES A CLOSER LOOK! IT DOESN'T SEEM TO BE MOVING -- AND THE PULL SURFACE RULES OUT ANY KIND OF REFLECTOR DEVICE -- BUT I HAVE A HUNCH IT WAS INSTALLED FOR SOME KIND OF SIGNALING!



SUDDENLY -- WITH THE LAUNCH WITHIN FIFTY FEET OF THE LIGHTHOUSE --



GREAT GUNS! THAT DISK WAS WHIRLING LIKE A PROPELLER -- AT A RATE OF SPEED THAT MADE IT SEEM STATIONARY! MY SHOT MUST HAVE HIT THE POWER MECHANISM IN THE TOWER, BECAUSE THE ROTATIONS ARE SLOWING DOWN -- ENOUGH TO SHOW THAT THE DISK IS MARKED OFF IN COLORED SEGMENTS!



I'LL FIGURE THAT ONE OUT LATER! JUST NOW -- I'VE GOT TO REACH THAT RAT WITHOUT OFFERING MYSELF AS A TARGET!



THEN -- AS THE SPINNING AXLE TAKES IN THE ANCHOR ROPE --

TIME TO JUMP -- OR I'LL BE SPINNING LIKE A YO-YO!



GOTCHA!



CLEVER SLEUTHING, KENT -- BUT FROM NOW ON, IT'S A MATTER OF LUCK -- AND YOURS HAS JUST ABOUT RUN OUT!



WITH JONATHAN'S EYES FLASHING TO THE JAGGED
WET ROCKS A HUNDRED FEET BELOW --

DO YOURSELF A FAVOR,
KENT -- AND LET GO
NOW!

YOU HEARTLESS
BRUTE --
STOP!



ARE YOU GOING TO
STOP INTERFERING --
OR DO I PUSH YOUR
PRETTY FACE IN?

JUST BETWEEN US,
TOUGH BOY -- YOU'D
BETTER SAVE
YOUR
STRENGTH!



YOU MEDDLING
SWINE -- THIS TIME
I'M GOING TO FINISH
YOU!

KARLAK -- A SMART
SPY KNOWS WHEN
TO QUIT
TRYING!



AAAAGH!



YOU CAN UNCOVER
YOUR EYES, TECLA --
HE MISSED
THE ROCKS!



JONATHAN --
HE'S TAKING
YOUR
LAUNCH!

YEP -- AND I
DROPPED MY GUN
OVER THE SIDE
DURING THE SCUFFLE!
UNLESS I MISS MY
GUESS, HE'LL HEAD
STRAIGHT FOR THE
COMRADES ON
THAT SIXTY-
FOOTER --
THE ONES
HE WAS
SIGNALING
TO!





BUT HE'S MOVING AWAY FROM THE CRUISER, JONATHAN -- FOLLOWING THE SHORE!

YOU CAN BET YOUR LIFE KARLAK WOULDN'T TURN DOWN A CHANCE TO ESCAPE -- UNLESS HE **STILL** HAS A JOB TO DO! WELL -- **WE** CAN HITCH A RIDE BACK TO TOWN ALONG THE SEASIDE HIGHWAY -- AFTER I'VE LOOKED INTO A FEW THINGS!



TO BEGIN WITH -- HOW DID **YOU** GET HERE?

SHORTLY AFTER YOU RUSHED TO FATHER'S OFFICE LAST NIGHT, I NOTICED KARLAK SLIP DOWN THE STAIRS AND OUT OF THE EMBASSY! IT WAS OBVIOUS HE'D ESCAPED FROM **YOU** -- SO I DECIDED TO TRAIL HIM!

HERE IS WHERE I WOUND UP -- WITH KARLAK DISCOVERING ME WHEN I STUMBLED IN GETTING OUT OF MY CAR! HE DROVE

BOTH CARS INTO THE SURF AT LOW TIDE -- TO COVER UP!



I **STILL** DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT KARLAK'S UP TO! HE DID NOTHING ALL NIGHT BUT OCCASIONALLY OIL THE MOTOR, THAT TURNED THE HUGE DISK!

SUPPOSE WE HAVE A LOOK AT IT -- AND SEE WHY HE WAS SO ANXIOUS TO **KEEP** IT TURNING!

FOR SEVERAL MINUTES, THE IMMENSE COLORED SEGMENTS SEEM TO MAKE NO SENSE WHATEVER -- AND THEN --

NOTICE THAT THE BRIGHT VIOLET SECTION IS WIDER THAN THE OTHERS? LET'S SEE -- IN CLOCKWISE ORDER, IT'S FOLLOWED BY DARK BLUE, PALE GREEN -- WHOA! THERE ARE FIFTEEN COLORED SEGMENTS -- AND THEY EXACTLY MATCH THE LIST I FOUND LAST NIGHT -- IN YOUR FATHER'S OFFICE!



JONATHAN -- YOU CAN'T STILL SUSPECT FATHER! THERE **MUST** BE AN EXPLANATION!

BEFORE I TACKLE THAT, TECLA -- LET'S TRY TO UNRAVEL KARLAK'S COLOR CODE!

AS YOU CAN SEE FROM THE LIST -- IN ADDITION TO THE SEPARATE

COLORS, THERE ARE FOUR DIFFERENT **SHADES** -- PALE, MEDIUM, BRIGHT, AND DARK! ASIDE FROM BLACK, THAT MEANS EVERY COLOR IN THE SPECTRUM -- BUT WAIT A MINUTE!



ARRANGE THOSE COLORS IN THEIR NATURAL ORDER IN THE SPECTRUM -- RED, BLUE, GREEN, YELLOW, AND VIOLET! WITH FOUR SHADES FOR EACH -- **YOU'VE GOT A SEPARATE COLOR FOR THE FIRST TWENTY LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET!** "A" IS PALE RED -- "B" IS MEDIUM RED -- "C" IS BRIGHT RED -- "D" IS DARK RED -- AND SO ON THROUGH THE FOUR SHADES OF BLUE, GREEN, AND THE REST! THE LAST SIX LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET ARE SELDOM USED...

SO THEY'RE PROBABLY ALL CODED AS BLACK!



THERE'S YOUR FIRST WORD -- **SHIP!** WHAT'S THE REST OF IT?

S-A-I-L-S-M-O-N-D-A-Y! SHIP SAILS MONDAY!

NOW I SEE WHY THAT CRUISER HAS BEEN LYING OFFSHORE WITH A HIGH-SPEED COLOR CAMERA. IT'S BEEN TRAINED ON KARLAK'S WHIRLING DISK--PHOTOGRAPHING THE COLOR SEGMENTS THAT APPEAR AS NOTHING MORE THAN A GREY BLUR TO THE NAKED EYE! THE NEXT THING TO FIND OUT IS WHAT THEY'VE GOT IN STORE FOR DR. MITCHELL--NOW THAT THEY KNOW WHEN HIS SHIP'S SAILING!



I KNOW THAT'S THE IMPORTANT THING, JONATHAN--BUT I'M STILL BOTHERED BY WHAT MIGHT SEEM EVIDENCE IMPLICATING MY FATHER!

YOU CAN STOP WORRYING ABOUT THAT, BABY! I'VE BEEN CHOPPING IT OVER IN MY MIND--AND IT ALL COMES OUT KARLAK!



IN THE FIRST PLACE, KARLAK DIDN'T COME TO HEADQUARTERS YESTERDAY BY MISTAKE! HE WAS TRAILING YOU--AND WHEN HE FOUND YOU THERE--HE SUSPECTED WE KNEW MUCH MORE THAN WE DID! CAN YOU GUESS HIS NEXT STEP?

GOOD HEAVENS! IT WAS HE WHO TRIED TO KILL YOU OUTSIDE THE EMBASSY!

RIGHT! HE LEARNED I WAS COMING FROM THE RECORDING DEVICE HE HAD PLANTED IN YOUR FATHER'S OFFICE! HE REMOVED IT LATER, HOPING TO THROW SUSPICION ON YOUR FATHER--AND HID THE COLOR LIST AT THE SAME TIME! HE WAS THROUGH WITH IT--AND IF IT WERE FOUND AFTER KARLAK'S ESCAPE--IT WOULD AT LEAST SUGGEST YOUR FATHER WAS IMPLICATED IN THE PLOT!



BUT WOULD ANYONE REALLY BELIEVE SUCH THINGS, JONATHAN?

BELIEF DOESN'T MATTER--WHEN RUMOR AND WILD TALK START CIRCULATING! IN THIS CASE, KARLAK COUNTED ON ENOUGH BAD PUBLICITY TO CHECK AMERICAN AID TO YUGOSLAVIA!



BACK AT HEADQUARTERS--

IT'S PLAIN THAT KARLAK HAD TWO ASSIGNMENTS, KENT! FIRST, TO DISCREDIT AMBASSADOR SANOVIC IN EVERY WAY POSSIBLE! SECOND--TO TIP OFF HIS FELLOW-AGENTS ABOUT DR. MITCHELL'S DEPARTURE FOR TRIESTE--IN A WAY THAT WOULD RULE OUT QUICK DETECTION, AND MAKE IT UNNECESSARY FOR HIM TO CONTACT THEM PERSONALLY!

NOW THAT WE'VE CLEARED THE AMBASSADOR, CHIEF--I'M READY TO START WORKING FROM DR. MITCHELL'S END! WHILE I'M TELETypING THE NEW LONDON SUBMARINE BASE--HAVE TWO OF OUR MEN DISGUISE THEMSELVES AS DOCK WORKERS!

EARLY NEXT MORNING--MINUTES BEFORE A LARGE LINER CASTS OFF HER MOORING HAWKERS--

HA! WHILE KENT'S STILL PUTTERING AROUND THAT LIGHTHOUSE--I'VE MANAGED TO BOARD DR. MITCHELL'S SHIP! FANTASTICALLY EASY--WITH NO ONE IN SIGHT BUT A PAIR OF DRUNKEN STEVEDORES!



BUT AS THE "DRUNKEN STEVEDORES"
STAGGER AROUND A CORNER --

HE REACHED
"B" DECK,
CHARLIE!
I THINK HE
DUCKED
BEHIND A
LIFEBOAT

COLLINS TO KENT!
COLLINS TO KENT!
KARLAK JUST
BOARDED!...
OVER!

IN ONE OF THE CABINS--

O. K., COLLINS--
I'LL TAKE IT
FROM HERE!
OVER!

WE COULD HAVE
NABBED KARLAK
ON THE PIER...
DR. MITCHELL--
BUT THE IDEA IS
TO FOLLOW
THROUGH AND
SEE JUST HOW
FAR HE'LL GO!

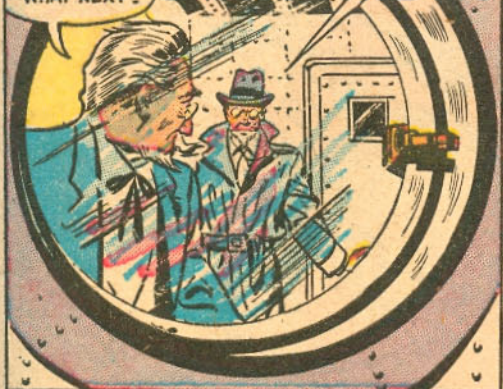
I STILL THINK YOU
SHOULD LET ME
HANDLE THAT
UNMENTIONABLE
RASCAL, KENT!
YOU DISGUISED
YOURSELF AS ME--
IT'LL NEVER
WORK!



A HALF-HOUR LATER --

WE'VE REACHED THE OUTER
BAY, KENT -- MEANING WE
CAN'T BE **TOO** FAR FROM
THE THREE-MILE LIMIT!
WHAT NEXT?

THAT
DEPENDS
ON
KARLAK!



AS JONATHAN STEPS OUT ON THE GLISTENING DECK --

THERE'S THE SPIES' SHIP -- LYING
TO IN THE MIST, JUST A FEW HUNDRED
FEET AHEAD! AND KARLAK...?



THANKS FOR SAVING ME THE
TROUBLE OF COMING IN
AFTER YOU, DR. MITCHELL!

CRACK!



KARLAK'S DONE IT!
PULL OVER BEFORE DR. MITCHELL
SINKS -- AND STAND BY WITH
THE BOAT HOOKS!

SPLASH!



AS THE LINER PLOWS SEAWARD
IN THE CURLING FOG --

BON VOYAGE, DR. MITCHELL!
WHILE YOUR AMERICAN AND YUGOSLAV
FRIENDS ARE SPECULATING ON WHAT
HAPPENED TO YOU -- WHILE THEY'RE
WONDERING WHETHER IT WAS *SUICIDE*
-- WE'LL BE PUTTING YOUR ATOMIC
KNOWLEDGE TO USE IN COMMUNIA!



KARLAK --
YOU'RE ABOUT
AS RIGHT AS
A COMMUNIST
WILL **EVER**
BE!

AT THAT MOMENT --

SO **THIS** IS
THE FAMOUS
DR. MITCHELL!

IS IT, YOU
IDIOT? LOOK AT
THAT MUSTACHE --
**IT'S A
DISGUISE!**



O.K. -- I'M **NOT**
DR. MITCHELL! BUT
ANYTHING SHORT
OF ATOMS -- **I CAN
SMASH!**

UF!



THEN -- AS THE DECK SWARMS WITH COMMUNIST AGENTS --

**BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!**



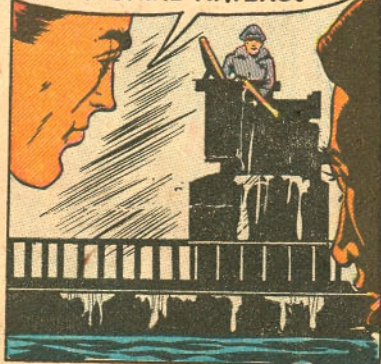
FOOL -- ARE
YOU TRYING
TO **SCARE**
US? YOU'LL
**NEED THOSE
BULLETS!**

TAKE A LOOK OFF THE
PORT BOW! DO YOU
RATS **STILL**
THINK SO?

IT'S -- A --
SUBMARINE!



YEP! IT'S THE SAME ONE THAT
ACCIDENTALLY MADE A LINE FAST
TO YOUR CABLE DURING THE NIGHT --
AND **UNINTENTIONALLY** HAULED
YOU TO THE **TWO-MILE LIMIT!**
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST -- **FOR
ESPIONAGE IN AMERICAN
TERRITORIAL WATERS!**



Later --

JONATHAN --
THANKS FOR
EVERYTHING! NOW,
IF MY COUNTRY NEEDS
AN ATOM-SMASHER --
WE'LL HAVE ONE!

BABY, I DON'T
SUPPOSE YOU'VE
KISSED MANY
PEOPLE BACK
HOME -- BUT
THEY'VE **GOT
ONE!**



JONATHAN KENT smashes
another plot against Democracy
-- in the next issue!

TRICKS ⁱⁿ ESPIONAGE

BINGENIOUS ARE THE VARIED TRICKS THAT SPIES RESORT TO WHILE CARRYING OUT THEIR INSIDIOUS MISSIONS---

AH, EVEN THOUGH THE STUPID AMERICANS SUSPECT YOU ARE A SPY, AND WILL SEARCH YOU BEFORE YOU BOARD THE SHIP ---THEY WILL **NEVER** THINK OF LOOKING FOR SECRET PLANS HIDDEN IN A **FALSE TOOTH**!



BUT EVEN MORE INGENIOUS ARE THE TRICKS AMERICAN COUNTERSPIES USE TO SAFEGUARD THEIR COUNTRY!

BUT THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS! I **SWEAR** I HAVE NO PLANS CONCEALED ON ME---

WELL, THIS X-RAY FILM WE TOOK OF YOUR TEETH SAYS YOU'RE A LIAR! YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO THINK ABOUT THE **THOROUGHNESS** OF AMERICAN COUNTERSPIES---IN JAIL!



IT TOOK ME MONTHS TO GAIN THE CONFIDENCE OF THESE FOOLS! BUT NOW THAT I AM NIGHT WATCHMAN AT THIS ROCKET PLANT, I WILL HAVE ACCESS TO THE SECRET FILE ROOM! AND SINCE I KNOW MY WAY AROUND THERE, I WON'T HAVE TO USE A FLASHLIGHT ---WHICH WOULD SET OFF THE NIGHT ALARM!



WELL, HE FINALLY GAVE HIMSELF AWAY---HE'S GOT NO BUSINESS IN THAT SECRET FILE ROOM!

HE MUST HAVE THOUGHT THAT IF HE DIDN'T USE A LIGHT, HE WAS SAFE--- BUT HE DIDN'T KNOW THAT ROOM HAS INFRA-RED CAMERAS---WHICH TAKE PICTURES IN **ABSOLUTE DARKNESS**---AND THAT **WE** CAN SEE EXACTLY WHAT HE'S DOING ON THIS SCREEN!



---AND---AND THEY WERE SEEN TO TAKE OFF IN A PLANE---AND HEAD FOR OUR BORDER---

WHAT? AMERICAN AGENTS RECOVERED THE ATOMIC-BOMB PLANS THAT **WE** STOLE FROM THEM? QUICK, YOU FOOL---ALERT ALL RADAR ANTI-AIRCRAFT STATIONS TO SHOOT THAT PLANE DOWN! OUR RADAR NETWORK IS THE BEST IN THE WORLD---THEY CAN'T GET AWAY!



HEADQUARTERS SURE KNEW WHAT THEY WERE DOING WHEN THEY SMUGGLED THIS PLASTIC PLANE TO US PIECE BY PIECE---BECAUSE PLASTIC MATCHES THE PROPERTIES OF **AIR** BETTER THAN ANY OTHER TYPE OF SOLID MATTER---AND THAT MAKES IT ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE RADAR DEVICES TO PICK US UP!

RIGHT! AND NOW THESE LITTLE OLD PLANS ARE GOING RIGHT BACK WHERE THEY BELONG---IN AMERICAN HANDS!



Dirty Spies

SMASH!

Once more the gun-butt descended in a short, vicious arc and slashed cruelly across David Allenby's face—and once more the searing inferno of pain exploded in his head.

"Now will you give us the details on your new rocket fuel?" snarled the spy who had hit him.

David felt the warm blood coursing down his face from the open gash across his cheek, and shook his head weakly—but grimly. "No," he gasped out. "No, I won't tell you!"

The second spy put his gun into his pocket and furiously bent over the chair on which David was slumped. Holding his taut, clawlike hands right in front of David's face, the spy spat out, "See these hands? They'll close on your throat unless you start talking! You've got *two minutes* to think it over—we can't risk hanging around your lab much longer!"

David looked at the dirt-encrusted palms and shuddered involuntarily. *The dirty spies*, he thought. If only they hadn't surprised him right after the night-watchman had passed on his rounds! Now everything depended on David alone—his life, the powerful new rocket fuel formula, the capture of two dangerous spies—everything!

"One minute more!" the spy grated out.

The dirty spies, David repeated to himself. *Wait! Dirty spies—!*

"All right," he said. "I'll tell you the formula! Just—just let me wash the blood off my face first!"

"Sure, sure," the first spy beamed. "Go right ahead—but don't try any tricks!"

Going over to the wash basin, David carefully washed his hands with soap and water, rinsed his face, and dried himself on a clean towel. Then he faced the two expectant spies.

"The chief ingredient of the rocket fuel," David began, "is 90 per cent hydrogen peroxide! The Nazis used it in their V-bombs and rocket planes, but *our* secret is the special *stimulator* we use to set the peroxide off and decompose it into 5,000 times its own volume of superheated steam and oxygen. Without the stimulator, the trigger mechanism, the peroxide is just a bleaching agent. Here—I'll show you!"

David went over and dipped his hands into an aluminum basin that held a clear liquid, and drew his hands out, holding them up. "See?" he said. "That's 90 per cent peroxide, and perfectly harmless without the stimulator."

"Stop the chatter," the first spy demanded. "Just tell us what the stimulator is!"

"It's a complicated formula, and I just tried hiding it," David said. "But now I can see that it's no use—not with my life at stake! You'll find it right in the bottom of that basin!"

Exultantly and simultaneously, both spies plunged their free hands into the basin of peroxide—and the basin suddenly exploded in a blinding burst of steam!

Grinning at the spies writhing in pain on the floor, David picked up their guns, and said, "I didn't lie to you—but *you* bozos put the stimulator in that peroxide! You see, the stimulant is *earth*—just plain dirt—and dirty spies have dirty hands!"

TERROR *from* the TROPICS!



WORLD WAR II ENDED IN 1945 --- BUT IN ISOLATED, REMOTE CORNERS OF THE EARTH, AXIS WAR CRIMINALS AND SCIENTISTS ARE STILL HIDING OUT, STILL PLOTTING TO SEIZE CONTROL OF THE WORLD BY MEANS OF NEW, SECRET WEAPONS! AND IN THE HEART OF A DENSE, IMPENETRABLE JUNGLE, THREE HATE-MAD SCIENTISTS DISCOVERED A WAY OF CONSUMING THE DEMOCRACIES IN AN INFERNO OF DEATH -- AND THE LONE, UNARMED AGENT WHO STOOD IN THEIR WAY SEEMED HELPLESS, POWERLESS TO HALT THIS TERROR FROM THE TROPICS!

IT IS AUGUST, 1945--IN TOKYO--

WHAT? YOU SAY JAPAN WILL SURRENDER IN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS? YOU'RE A TRAITOR -- YOU PROMISED JAPAN WOULD BE A HAVEN FOR US WHERE WE COULD CONTINUE OUR SCIENTIFIC WORK AFTER OUR COUNTRIES WERE DEFEATED BY THE ALLIES! I HAD TO FLEE ITALY, KURTZ BARELY ESCAPED FROM GERMANY -- JAPAN WAS OUR LAST REFUGE!

WE DEEPLY REGRET THE INCONVENIENCE OUR SURRENDER WILL CAUSE YOU! BUT THROUGH THE FORESIGHT OF THE JAPANESE GOVERNMENT, WE STILL HAVE A HAVEN -- IN THE HEART OF THE AFRICAN CONGO! EVERYTHING HAS BEEN PREPARED--AND THERE IS THE PERFECT PLACE FOR US TO COMPLETE OUR SOLAR ENERGY WEAPON WHICH WILL ULTIMATELY BLAST OUR ENEMIES FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH!

REFUELING AT SECRET BASES, A PLANE WINGS ITS WAY ACROSS HALF THE GLOBE... AND FINALLY DIPS IN FOR A LANDING AT A CAMOUFLAGED CLEARING IN DENSEST AFRICA!

THIS JUNGLE IS ABSOLUTELY IMPENETRABLE -- BUT ALL THE SUPPLIES WE NEED WERE LANDED HERE MONTHS AGO! WE'LL GET RIGHT TO WORK!



BRUTALLY MISUSING NATIVE LABOR, THE AXIS SCIENTISTS FORCE THEM TO WORK AT A FEVERISH, KILLING PACE!

FASTER... FASTER!



FINALLY, A HUGE TOWER IS CONSTRUCTED, LARGE ENOUGH TO HOLD THE ENORMOUS CONVEX LENS MOUNTED ON TOP OF IT!

THERE -- IT IS COMPLETED! THAT SPECIAL MAGNIFYING LENS WILL FOCUS THE RAYS OF THE SUN, GIVING US THE TREMENDOUS CONCENTRATION OF SOLAR ENERGY THAT WE WILL NEED FOR OUR SOLAR GUNS!



AH, IT IS A GREAT ACCOMPLISHMENT! THE STUPID SCIENTISTS WHO WERE PROUD OF TRANSFORMING LIGHT INTO ELECTRICAL ENERGY IN THEIR PUNY PHOTO-ELECTRIC CELLS NEVER DREAMED THAT WE WOULD SUCCEED IN CHANGING SOLAR ENERGY INTO PURE ENERGY WAVES -- ENERGY WHICH CAN BE STORED UNDER ENORMOUS PRESSURE AND FIRED OUT OF GUNS! AND SINCE IT WILL TRAVEL AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT -- 186,000 MILES PER SECOND -- ALL THE WORLD WILL BE WITHIN OUR RANGE -- AND IN OUR POWER!

A FEW DAYS LATER...

ALL IS READY! OUR FIRST TEST-MODEL GUN HAS BEEN WELL CHARGED WITH SOLAR ENERGY, AND ---

KURTZ! MITSUYAKI! COME QUICKLY.. THE NATIVES ARE IN REBELLION!



TOO MANY OF OUR TRIBE HAVE DIED FROM YOUR WHIP -- NOW YOU DIE!

AH, A PERFECT EXCUSE TO TRY OUT THE ENERGY GUN!



IN A SPLIT SECOND, WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT ITSELF, WHAT WAS ONCE A LIVING HUMAN BEING IS UTTERLY CONSUMED!

WE WILL HAVE NO MORE TROUBLE WITH THEM! AND NOW, AFTER THIS SUCCESS, WE WILL BUILD AN ENERGY RIFLE -- AND THEN -- A LONG RANGE CANNON WHICH WILL ENGULF OUR FOES IN FLAMES!

THEY HAVE STOLEN THE SUN'S FIRE!



AAAAA!!!



TEN DAYS LATER...

WELL, THE RIFLE WAS EASY-- BUT ABOUT THE CANNON, I AM AFRAID! SO MUCH ENERGY UNDER COMPRESSION MAY EXPLODE IN OUR FACES BEFORE WE CAN FIRE IT!

LISTEN! A PLANE! IF IT SEES OUR CLEARING AND THE LENS, WE ARE LOST! GET THE ENERGY RIFLE!

BURN, BURN! THE FLAMES THAT ENGULF YOU WILL SOON CONSUME THE WORLD!

WE MUST COMPLETE THE CANNON QUICKLY-- THE PILOT MAY HAVE RADIOED SOME INFORMATION TO HIS BASE BEFORE WE GOT HIM! BUT TO KEEP THE CANNON UNDER CONTROL, WE WILL NEED PROFESSOR MAXWELL'S ENERGY COMPRESSION FORMULA--HE IS THE ONLY MAN IN THE WORLD WHO KNOWS IT! I WILL FLY TO HIS SOLAR LABORATORY IN KHARTOUM! I HAVE SEEN PICTURES OF HIM AND HIS DAUGHTER-- AND I KNOW HOW TO GET THE FORMULA FROM HIM!

MEANWHILE, IN THE PENTAGON BUILDING IN WASHINGTON...

HE RADIOED HE'D BEEN BLOWN OFF HIS COURSE BY A TROPICAL STORM AND DIDN'T KNOW HIS POSITION! HE MENTIONED SEEING A CLEARING AND WHAT SEEMED TO BE A HUGE LENS MOUNTED ON A TOWER, CATCHING THE SUN'S RAYS-- AND THEN HIS RADIO WENT DEAD!

HMM... SOUNDS STRANGE! THERE'S NO POINT IN SENDING OUT SEARCH PLANES IF WE DON'T KNOW HIS POSITION-- BUT WE'LL TAKE ACTION! I THINK INTELLIGENCE MAY BE INTERESTED IN THIS!

A HUGE LENS MOUNTED IN THE CONGO, EH? SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE'S WORKING ON SOLAR ENERGY! THERE MAY BE NOTHING TO IT, BUT WE'LL TAKE NO CHANCES! LET'S SEE... WHO'S OUR BEST AGENT IN AFRICA? MMM... GEORGE LOCKE'S THERE --- CABLE HIM TO GET OUT TO PROFESSOR MAXWELL IN KHARTOUM AND SEE IF HE KNOWS WHAT IT COULD MEAN! AS FAR AS I KNOW, HE'S THE ONLY ONE TRYING TO HARNESS THE SUN'S ENERGY!

AT DUSK THE NEXT DAY, ON A SULTRY, DESERTED STREET IN KHARTOUM...

THAT'S THE GIRL! GRAB HER!

WHA ---? --- MMMF!

EXCELLENT! GET HER IN AND DRIVE OUT TO THE PLANE! YOU MEN WILL BE WELL PAID FOR YOUR SERVICES!

AN HOUR LATER, A FIGURE APPROACHES THE MAXWELL RESIDENCE IN KHARTOUM... RINGS A BELL...

WHAT A CRAZY ASSIGNMENT! I HOPE -- **HUH?**

WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT -- ARE YOU ONE OF THE MEN WHO KIDNAPED MY DAUGHTER? JUST NAME YOUR RANSOM PRICE...

HOLD ON, PROFESSOR! I KNOW YOU FROM YOUR PICTURES -- AND I ALSO KNOW YOU CAN BE TRUSTED! SO HERE ARE THE CREDENTIALS THAT SHOW I'M **NOT** A KIDNAPER! BUT WHAT'S THIS ABOUT YOUR DAUGHTER?

I... I JUST GOT A NOTE TELLING ME I'D NEVER SEE MY DAUGHTER ALIVE AGAIN IF I DIDN'T SHOW UP AT AN ABANDONED WAREHOUSE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN -- **ALONE!** I'VE GOT TO GO!

HMM, AND THEY DIDN'T ASK FOR MONEY -- I GUESS THEY WANT **YOU!** YOU **CAN'T** GO -- YOUR RESEARCH WORK IS TOO VALUABLE TO RISK LOSING YOU! ANYWAY, I'D HAVE A BETTER CHANCE OF RESCUING YOUR DAUGHTER -- AND I HAVE A HUNCH IT'S GOING TO TIE IN WITH MY ASSIGNMENT!

BUT HOW CAN **YOU** TAKE MY PLACE? -- THEY PROBABLY KNOW WHAT I LOOK LIKE -- AND YOU'RE **NOT** MY TWIN BROTHER!

WELL, I **WILL** BE WHEN I GET THROUGH HERE! NOW JUST SIT IN FRONT OF THIS MIRROR -- AND WHILE I'M **BECOMING** YOUR TWIN, START TELLING ME ALL YOU KNOW ABOUT THE WAYS OF HARNESSING SOLAR ENERGY FOR USE IN A WEAPON THAT MIGHT BE ABLE TO SHOOT DOWN A PLANE! AND ALSO WHY SOMEONE WOULD WANT TO KIDNAP **YOU!**

A HALF-HOUR LATER...

WHY, THAT'S AN AMAZING RESEMBLANCE! THAT MAKE-UP KIT WORKED A SMALL MIRACLE!

WHAT YOU'VE JUST TOLD ME IS EVEN **MORE** AMAZING! THIS JIG-SAW PUZZLE IS BEGINNING TO TAKE SHAPE! AND IF SOME UNSCRUPULOUS MEN **HAVE** LEARNED HOW TO CONVERT SOLAR ENERGY INTO PURE ENERGY, I MUST STOP THEM BEFORE THEY CAN BUILD ANY **LONG-RANGE** WEAPONS!

YES, BUT REMEMBER -- IF THEY GET HOLD OF THAT ENERGY COMPRESSION FORMULA I JUST REVEALED TO YOU, THEY'LL HAVE A GUN OF UNREVEALED RANGE THAT WON'T BACKFIRE! AND PLEASE, NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO... **MY DAUGHTER...** MAKE SURE SHE COMES BACK TO ME!

I'LL DO MY BEST, PROFESSOR -- YOU CAN COUNT ON **THAT!**

TWENTY MINUTES LATER, AS AGENT GEORGE LOCKE WALKS INTO THE ABANDONED WAREHOUSE, THE FLICKERING SHADOWS SUDDENLY BECOME LEAPING MEN, CLUTCHING ARMS!

SO **YOU'RE** THE VULTURES WHO KIDNAPED MY DAUGHTER! I'LL **MAKE** YOU TELL ME WHERE SHE IS!

UGH!



OH!!

WELL DONE! NOW
TIE HIM UP AND
LET'S GET OUT TO
THE PLANE!



Hours later...

WH-WHERE AM
I? THAT NOISE...
SOUNDS LIKE A ...
A PLANE'S
ENGINES...

OH, FATHER! I'M
SO GLAD YOU
REVIVED ...
I-I WAS AFRAID
YOU'D ...



SHHH-HH! LOOK AT ME CLOSELY,
AND YOU'LL SEE THAT I'M **NOT** YOUR
FATHER! HE KNOWS ABOUT THIS
DECEPTION - AND
YOU'VE GOT
TO PLAY
ALONG!

I-I DON'T
UNDERSTAND-BUT
KEEP ON TALKING!
THERE'S - SOMETHING
THAT MAKES ME TRUST
YOU! BUT YOU MUST--
TELL ME
EVERYTHING!

Hours later, after the long hop to the
secret clearing in the Congo...

...AND NOW, PROFESSOR,
YOU WILL GIVE US YOUR
ENERGY COMPRESSION
FORMULA WITHOUT DELAY
-- UNLESS YOU WANT TO
SEE YOUR DAUGHTER
SLAIN BEFORE YOUR
EYES! WE WILL STOP
AT NOTHING--NOW THAT
YOUR FORMULA IS THE
ONLY THING WE NEED
TO COMPLETE OUR
LONG-RANGE ENERGY
GUN!

YOU - YOU MEAN
YOU'VE SOLVED THE
PROBLEM OF
TRANSFORMING SOLAR
ENERGY INTO PURE
ENERGY? WHY, I'D BE
GLAD TO DONATE MY
FORMULA FOR A SCIENTIFIC
ACCOMPLISHMENT OF
THAT SCOPE!



YES, YOUR FATHER IS
COOPERATIVE -- I HOPE
YOU WILL BE EQUALLY
AGREEABLE! OF COURSE,
I REGRET HAVING TO
KIDNAP YOU -- BUT
NOW I HOPE WE WILL
BE FRIENDS -- **GOOD
FRIENDS!**

PLEASE -- LET
ME GO --



I'VE BEEN TRYING TO
SOLVE THAT PROBLEM
FOR YEARS - BECAUSE
I KNEW I COULD BE
**MASTER OF THE
'WORLD** IF I DID!
AND NOW THAT YOU
MEN HAVE DONE IT,
WE'LL JOIN FORCES! WE
SCIENTISTS WILL FULFILL OUR
DESTINIES -- **WE'LL
DOMINATE THE
UNIVERSE!**



AH, WE ARE DELIGHTED, YOU ARE
SO **COOPERATIVE!** PERHAPS
WE **WILL** LET YOU RULE SOME
OF THE MINOR ISLANDS WHEN
THE WORLD IS OURS -- BUT
FIRST, **THE FORMULA!**

That afternoon ...

WE'LL HAVE TO WATCH OUR STEP--THEY'RE
ALWAYS ARMED WITH THEIR ENERGY
REVOLVERS! BUT WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE
OUR MOVE SOON--NOW THAT I'VE GIVEN
THEM THE FORMULA, THEY'LL HAVE THE
CANNON READY TO FIRE IN A FEW
DAYS! I THINK I'LL TRY GETTING
THE NATIVE CHIEF TO HELP US--
BUT MEANWHILE, BE CAREFUL
NOT TO ANTAGONIZE THOSE
AXIS BUZZARDS!

I ... I'LL TRY TO KEEP
A GRIP ON MYSELF--
BUT **OH, HOW
I HATE
THEM!**



A few days later...

YES, SAHIB --- THEY ARE EVIL MEN! AND EVEN THOUGH I FEAR THE MAGIC OF THEIR SUN-FIRE GUNS, I WILL TRY TO HELP YOU!

GOOD! AND NOW I'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE CLEARING BEFORE THEY FIND OUT I SNEAKED AWAY TO TALK TO YOU!

That evening...

I HAVE A CONFESSION TO MAKE, LOVELY ONE! WE COULD HAVE GOTTEN THE FORMULA FROM YOUR FATHER IN MANY WAYS, BUT I **CHOSE** TO DO IT BY KIDNAPING YOU --- I HAD SEEN YOUR WONDERFUL BEAUTY IN A NEWSPAPER PICTURE, AND I WAS DETERMINED TO BRING YOU HERE!

BUT-- BUT WHY?

WHY? TOMORROW, AFTER WE FIRE OUR LONG-RANGE GUN, YOU AND I WILL MAKE PLANS FOR RULING OUR ONE-THIRD OF THE WORLD --- TOGETHER!

NO, STOP! GET AWAY FROM ME! GEORGE-- HELP!

GEORGE? WHO IS GEORGE? YOUR FATHER'S NAME IS **PETER**! ISN'T THAT MAN YOUR FATHER? --- TELL ME, QUICK, OR I'LL ---

LET GO OF HER!

OWHH, MY ARM --- STOP! GEORGE!

SO! NOW YOU SHOW YOUR TRUE COLORS, EH? I'LL BLAST YOU--- OOOOFF!

I KNOW WHAT **YOUR** TRUE COLOR IS--- **YELLOW!**

NOW WE'LL SEE HOW BRAVE YOU ARE **WITHOUT** YOUR GUN, YOU ROTTEN FASCIST!

AND NOW THAT I HAVE THE ENERGY GUN, I'LL MAKE SURE THAT YOU AND YOUR PALS NEVER FIRE THAT CANNON! YOU'RE ALL GOING BACK TO FACE TRIAL AS WAR CRIMINALS!

NO, WE'RE NOT-- BUT THE **GIRL** FACES DEATH UNLESS YOU... DROP THAT GUN!

POW!



DROP IT --
QUICK!
OR I'LL ...

NO, GEORGE -- **SHOOT!**
MY LIFE IS NOTHING --
THEY'LL HAVE THE WHOLE
WORLD IN THEIR HANDS
UNLESS YOU **SHOOT!**



NO... **I CAN'T!**
I... I GUESS I LOVE
YOU... TOO MUCH!



I HOPE YOU HAVE A RESTFUL NIGHT
-- BECAUSE IT WILL BE YOUR **LAST!**
AT DAWN, WE FIRE THE ENERGY BLAST
FROM THE CANNON THAT WILL BE OUR
FIRST STEP IN WORLD CONQUEST!
AND AN HOUR LATER, WE WILL
PLACE YOU BOTH **BELOW THE
LENS--TO MEET YOUR FATE
AS THE SUN RISES!**

Then, just before dawn, as the Axis scientists walk toward the energy cannon, directly underneath the huge lens... the earth suddenly opens up beneath their feet!



HIMMEL!

A PIT!



**IT'S A
TRAP!**

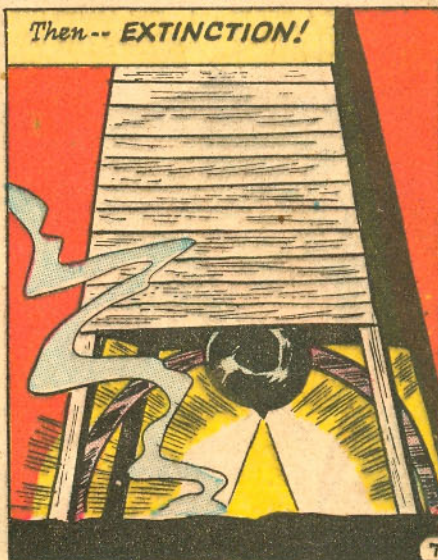
YES -- AND SOON IT WILL
BE A FURNACE! AS SOON
AS THE SUN RISES HIGHER,
WE'LL FEEL THE FULL FORCE
OF ITS HEAT -- **WE'RE
DIRECTLY UNDER
THE LENS!**

**HELP! LET
ME OUT OF
HERE!**

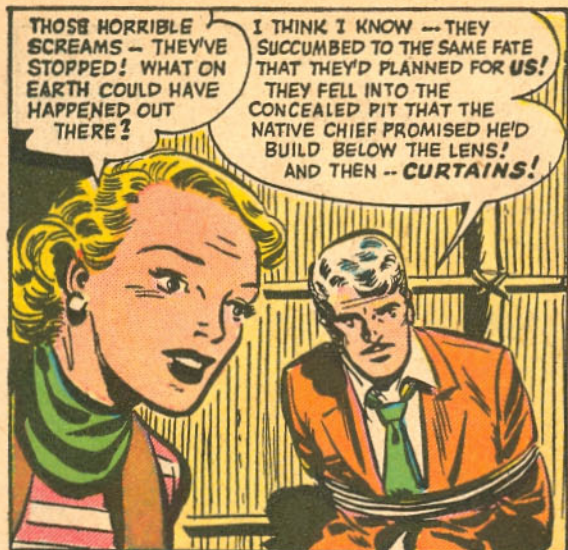
And as the sun rises, its pitiless rays focus with giant intensity upon the three men in the pit! Mounting screams -- but within a matter of minutes, only faint, pain-wracked whispers disturb the heat-laden air!



H-HELP!



Then-- **EXTINCTION!**



THOSE HORRIBLE SCREAMS -- THEY'VE STOPPED! WHAT ON EARTH COULD HAVE HAPPENED OUT THERE?

I THINK I KNOW -- THEY SUCCUMBED TO THE SAME FATE THAT THEY'D PLANNED FOR US! THEY FELL INTO THE CONCEALED PIT THAT THE NATIVE CHIEF PROMISED HE'D BUILD BELOW THE LENS! AND THEN -- **CURTAINS!**



WELL DONE--YOU'VE RELEASED YOUR TRIBE FROM A LIFE OF SLAVERY--AND THE GREAT PEOPLES ACROSS THE WATERS WILL NEVER FORGET THAT YOU SAVED THEM, TOO! BUT NOW TELL YOUR PEOPLE TO FLEE INTO THE JUNGLE, AWAY FROM THIS ACCURSED SPOT!

THERE IS NO TIME FOR QUESTIONS -- **RUN!**

SAHIB IS OUR FRIEND --WE ASK NO QUESTIONS! **WE GO!**

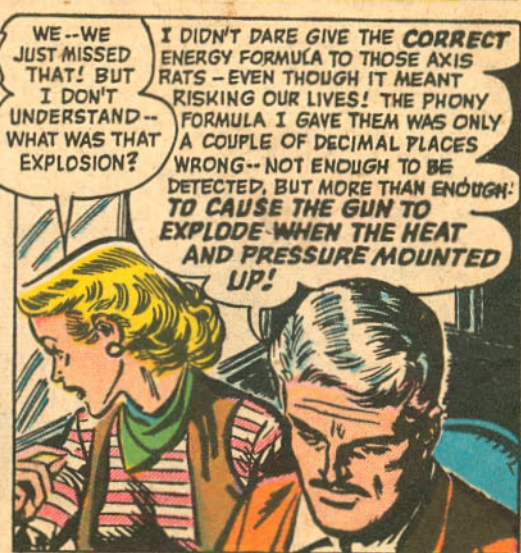


BUT GEORGE, WHAT'S ALL THE HURRY? WE CAN'T SIMPLY LEAVE LIKE THIS -- WHAT ABOUT THE **SOLAR CANNON?**

THAT GUN IS PRECISELY THE REASON WHY WE MUST GET OUT OF HERE --AND **FAST!** COME ON, INTO THE PLANE!



Then, just as the plane takes off...



WE --WE JUST MISSED THAT! BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND--WHAT WAS THAT EXPLOSION?

I DIDN'T DARE GIVE THE **CORRECT** ENERGY FORMULA TO THOSE AXIS RATS--EVEN THOUGH IT MEANT RISKING OUR LIVES! THE PHONY FORMULA I GAVE THEM WAS ONLY A COUPLE OF DECIMAL PLACES WRONG--NOT ENOUGH TO BE DETECTED, BUT MORE THAN ENOUGH! TO CAUSE THE GUN TO EXPLODE WHEN THE HEAT AND PRESSURE MOUNTED UP!



OH, NOW I SEE -- **GEORGE!** WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

JUST TAKING OFF MY MAKEUP AND BECOMING **GEORGE LOCKE** AGAIN! YOU SEE --



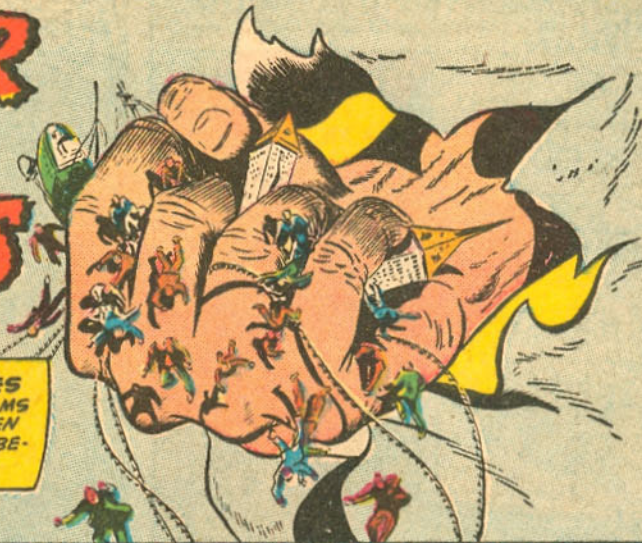
-- I JUST DON'T FEEL LIKE A **FATHER** TOWARD YOU, HONEY!

OH, **GEORGE!** DARLING!

The End

MASTER SPY METHODS

THROUGHOUT THE AGES, MASTER SPIES HAVE HELD THE FATE OF NATIONS IN THE PALMS OF THEIR HANDS! GREAT BATTLES HAVE BEEN WON... THE SHAPE OF HISTORY CHANGED... ALL BECAUSE OF THE INGENUOUS TECHNIQUES THEY HAVE EMPLOYED!



ONE OF THE EARLIEST OF THE MASTER SPIES WAS THAT UNSUNG GENIUS WHO CONCEIVED A CLEVER METHOD OF ENDING THE TROJAN WAR... OVER 3,000 YEARS AGO!

FOR TEN YEARS WE HAVE BESIEGED THE CITY OF TROY... AND STILL WE HAVE NOT CONQUERED THE STUBBORN TROJANS! YOU WERE SENT TO SPY WITHIN THE CITY AS A LAST HOPE... SO SPEAK! WHAT NEWS HAVE YOU?

GREAT NEWS, O MIGHTY AGAMEMNON! I HAVE LEARNED THAT THE TROJANS ARE EXCEEDINGLY GULLIBLE, AND THIS LONG SIEGE HAS MADE THEM EAGER FOR ANY SIGN OF PEACE! HERE IS MY PLAN...



WHEN THE MASTER SPY'S PLAN WAS FINALLY PUT INTO EFFECT...

THE GREEK ARMY AND FLEET HAVE WITHDRAWN... THE SIEGE IS OVER! WE HAVE WON!

AND LOOK... THEY HAVE LEFT US A GIFT OF PEACE! COME... LET US BRING IT WITHIN THE CITY!

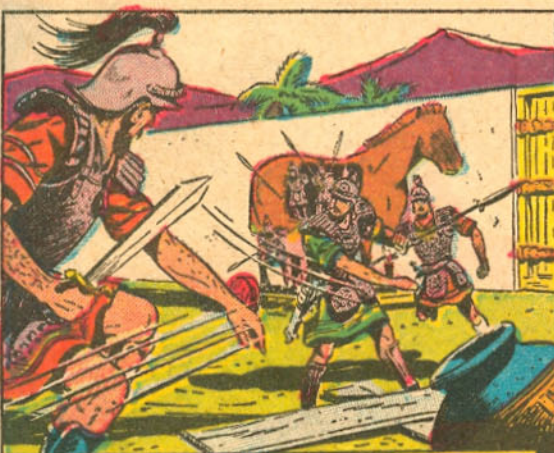
NO! BEWARE GREEKS' BEARING GIFTS!



3,000 YEARS LATER, THE SAME INSIDIOUS PRINCIPLE OF THE TROJAN HORSE WAS USED... BUT THIS TIME, INSTEAD OF THE HOLLOW HORSE, THERE WAS THE FIFTH COLUMN!

SIEG HEIL! THE NORWEGIANS ARE GULLIBLE AND TRUSTING! WE CAN SEND THOUSANDS OF OUR TROOPS INTO NORWAY, DRESSED AS CIVILIAN TOURISTS AND BUSINESSMEN! THERE IS A MAN NAMED QUISLING WHO WILL ARRANGE MATTERS!

WE MARCH AGAINST NORWAY!



BUT THE WARNING WAS NOT HEEDED! THAT NIGHT, WHEN THE TROJAN HORSE WAS WITHIN THE CITY'S GATES, ARMED GREEKS DESCENDED FROM ITS HOLLOW INTERIOR AND OPENED THE GATES TO THEIR ARMIES, WHICH HAD STOLEN BACK UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS! TROY WAS TAKEN!



THE NORWEGIANS, LIKE THE TROJANS, LEARNED THAT A LACK OF VIGILANCE CAN MEAN DEATH AND SLAVERY!

WE...WE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE! THEY WERE WITHIN OUR COUNTRY ALL THE TIME!



ANOTHER DEATH-DEALING WEAPON IN THE MASTER SPY'S BAG OF TRICKS IS SABOTAGE!

LUCKY THEY NEEDED LABORERS PRETTY BADLY AT THIS NAZI ATOMIC RESEARCH CENTER... THEY DIDN'T EVEN CHECK MY FORGED PAPERS CAREFULLY!



BUT BY FAR THE MOST DANGEROUS OF THE MASTER SPY'S WEAPONS IS THE DIABOLICAL PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE!

SO YOU SEE, SALLY, OUR SPIES HAVE REPORTED THAT AMERICAN TROOPS AT THE FRONT ARE RIPE FOR PROPAGANDA! IF YOUR RADIO PROGRAMS CAN MAKE THEM LONESOME FOR HOME, THEY'LL WANT TO STOP FIGHTING!



THUS WAS BORN THAT RADIO VOICE KNOWN AS AXIS SALLY!

SHE KINDA MAKES ME LONESOME... I WISH THIS BLASTED WAR WAS OVER SO I COULD GET ON HOME!

AND NOT ONLY ARE YOU BOYS MISSING OUT ON THAT HOME-MADE APPLE PIE YOUR MOTHER USED TO MAKE, BUT YOU'RE LOSING YOUR GIRLS, ALSO! HOW DO YOU KNOW WHAT DRAFT-DOGGERS ARE KISSING YOUR GIRLS RIGHT NOW WHILE YOU FIGHT THIS STUPID, SENSELESS WAR?

WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GET IT OVER WITH... LET'S GO!



AND ONE OF THE REASONS WHY PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE IS SO DANGEROUS IS THAT IT CAN BACKFIRE...WITH A VENGEANCE! ASK THE NAZIS...OR EVEN AXIS SALLY!





BIGGER'n BETTER BUBBLES-

PRICE-A PENNY A PIECE-

AN' THE SQUARE WRAP KEEPS THE FUNNIES FLAT-

1¢

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Phoney Plants

ARNOLD ROSS, ace Counter-Intelligence agent, was very grave as he explained the situation to the Research Chief of the secret bacteriological-warfare base.

"I know that you're absolutely isolated here in the middle of the Arizona desert," Arnold said, "and that none of the men based here have been allowed to communicate with the outside world in any way—ever since you discovered that deadly new nerve gas! But we've got to be absolutely certain that no one here transmits the formula of the gas to a possibly unfriendly power—or it'll be curtains for the U.S.!"

The chief nodded his head somberly. "You don't have to tell me how important it is that we alone keep the secret of that discovery. But I wish you *would* tell me how those phoney formulas you planted here managed to leak out—despite all our precautions!"

"We don't know *how* a spy could get information out of here, but we know he *did*! We intercepted the code messages going to a certain foreign power, and found the very same fake information that we'd planted here to test how good your security was! And now we *must* prevent that spy in your midst from transmitting the real gas formula, if he should discover it!"

The chief tugged thoughtfully at his mustache. "Well," he said, "if the fake information was considered accurate, then the spy can't be one of our technicians—they'd all know better! So it must be one of the manual helpers around the base!"

"A good deduction," Arnold said. "And the only way he could get information out would be by transmitting it somehow to those planes that fly over us—and that we have no control over!"

The chief stood up and started pacing around the office. "That's out of the question," he declared firmly. "We'd detect any kind of signal from radios to flashing mirrors in the sun! I've even had *our* plane sent up to make daily photographs of the base—to make sure that our gardener or someone else isn't setting up some kind of a code signal from the ground. But all the photographs show no evidence of—"

"Wait," Arnold said excitedly. "You have just given me an *idea*! Can I see those photographs?"

Ten minutes later, Arnold said, "Well, you're right about them seeming harmless enough, but let me try *flipping* them!"

Holding the series of photographs like a book in his left hand, Arnold began flipping them with the thumb of his other hand, so that he got a motion picture effect.

"*This is it!*" he cried. "Look at the flower patch in the upper lefthand corner! See how it seems to *move* when I flip the pages? That means that each day, some of the flowers are moved around—probably according to some prearranged *code*! If you looked at each photograph individually, you'd see nothing suspicious, but if you put them in chronological order, from first to last, you can actually see the flowers *move* when you flip the entire series! It's an old code expert's trick learned from the little booklets of dancing girls who seem to dance when you flip the pages!"

Arnold put down the photographs triumphantly. "Come on," he said. "Let's pay a visit to your base gardener—and tell him that *his* phoney plants have trapped him! *He's your spy!*"

CARIBBEAN COUNTERSTROKE

SHREWD PROPAGANDA AND SENTIMENTAL TOURISTS HAVE MADE "DEMOCRACY" A PAYING PROPOSITION TO DICTATOR RAFITO OF TRUJADOR! BUT THERE ARE SOME THINGS PROPAGANDA CAN'T MASK... THERE ARE SOME THINGS FAR MORE SORDID AND VICIOUS THAN ANY TOURIST WOULD CARE TO SEE... AND THEY ALL START SEETHING IN "CARIBBEAN COUNTER-STROKE!"

AS I ALWAYS SAY—"THE PEOPLE DON'T COUNT UNTIL THEY START COMPLAINING!" WELL, MY FRIENDS... THEY ARE COMPLAINING... AND THIS TIME WE'LL NEED MORE THAN A NATIONAL LOTTERY TO KEEP THEM QUIET! **WE MUST DECLARE WAR ON PAZIVIA**... THAT HOTBED OF DEMOCRACY ON OUR WESTERN FRONTIER!

GOOD ENOUGH, GENERAL RAFITO... BUT WHAT ABOUT WEAPONS? WE CAN'T **BUY** THEM... THERE ISN'T A CENTAVO LEFT IN THE TREASURY NOW THAT WE'VE BUILT OUR SUMMER ESTATES!



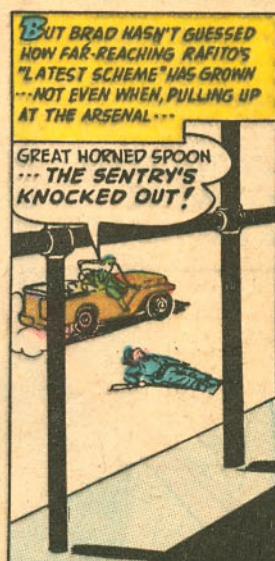
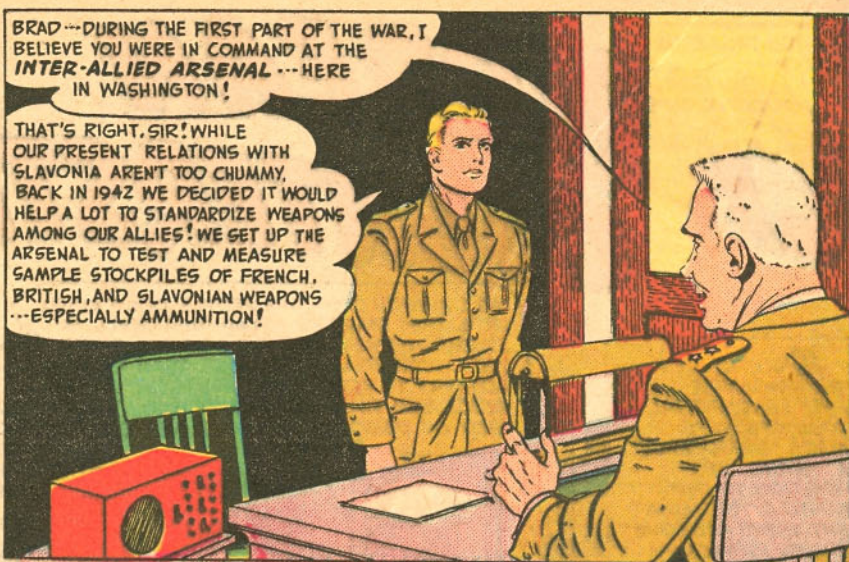
GENTLEMEN... I AM NEVER WITHOUT AN ANSWER! WE'LL GET WEAPONS... EVERY GUN AND EVERY BULLET WE NEED... FROM THE UNITED STATES!

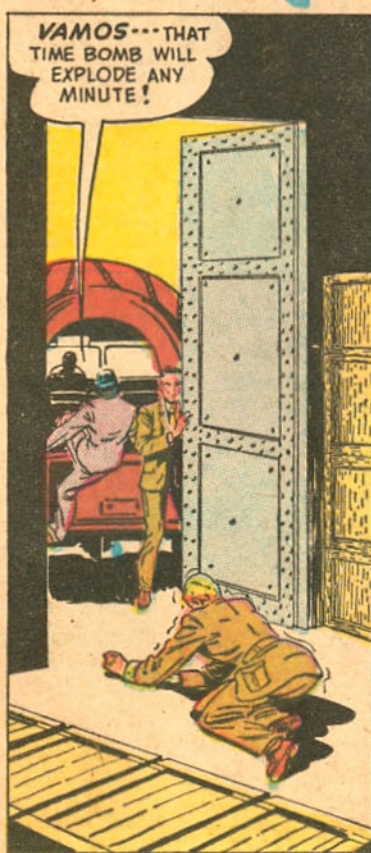
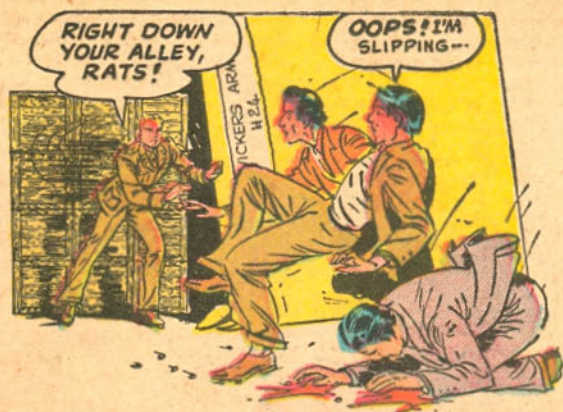
A WEEK LATER... IN MAJOR BRAD KENYON'S OFFICE AT ARMY INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS...

HERE'S SOMETHING! ACCORDING TO RUMORS FROM TRUJADOR CITY, PAZIVIA HAS PROVIDED A SECRET AIR BASE FOR SLAVONIAN BOMBERS. CERTAIN THAT THIS MEANS AN IMPENDING ATTACK ON BOTH TRUJADOR AND THE UNITED STATES, GENERAL RAFITO IS TAKING RIGID DEFENSE MEASURES...

ONE THING'S SURE... PAZIVIA WOULD NEVER MAKE A MILITARY ALLIANCE WITH SLAVONIA! JUDGING FROM RAFITO'S RECORD... AND THE FACT THAT HIS DICTATORSHIP IS UNPOPULAR... THIS LOOKS LIKE JUST ANOTHER WELL-PLANNED PRESS CAMPAIGN! RAFITO'S UP TO SOMETHING... AND I'D LIKE TO LEARN WHAT!







WE'VE GOT FOUR SLAVONIAN BOMBS! I DON'T KNOW WHETHER THE AMERICANS EVER GOT AROUND TO TESTING THEM... BUT THEY CAN LEAVE *THAT* TO GENERAL RAPTO! WHEN IT COMES TO THINGS LIKE BOMBS... HE'S AN ARTIST!



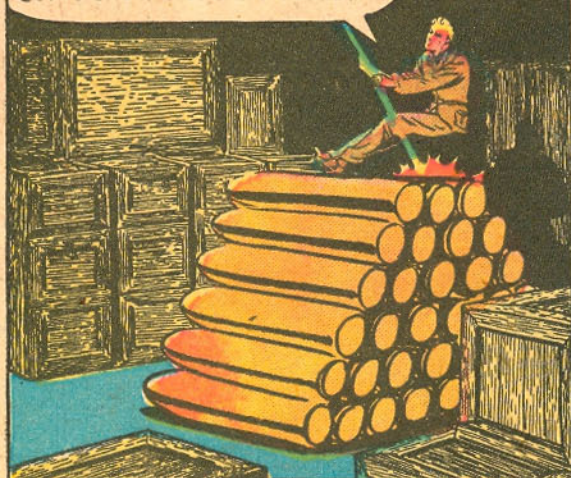
NO DICE! I'M IN A *FINE* SPOT... UNDER THE SAME ROOF WITH A HIDDEN TIME BOMB!



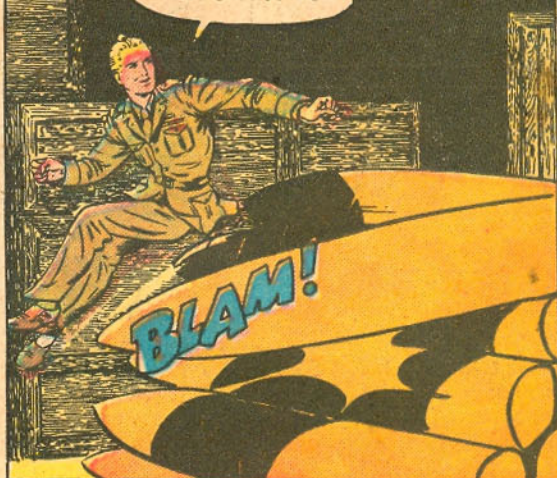
THOSE DOUBLE-BARRED WINDOWS AREN'T ANY HELP, EITHER! I'M CAUGHT FLAT-FOOTED UNLESS I CAN BARGE CLEAN THROUGH THE WALL... AND THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M GOING TO TRY!



THERE'S NO EXPLOSIVE CHARGE IN THESE BABIES... BUT *SOMETHING'S* GOT TO GIVE IF THEY START MOVING!



THEN... THEY SAY YOU CAN'T WIN AT A SHELL GAME... BUT I'M HOPING!



WITH BATTERING-RAM FORCE...



HOLY SMOKE... WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE SHELLS, SIR?

PRACTICALLY NOTHING... COMPARED TO WHAT'S *GOING* TO HAPPEN! LET'S MOVE, SOLDIER!



A SECOND LATER...

THERE'S MORE THAN SABOTAGE BEHIND THIS, SIR! THE FACT THAT THOSE RATS HAD A TRUCK PROVES THEY WERE AFTER SOMETHING...BUT WHAT?

WITH THE ENTIRE ARSENAL DESTROYED, THERE'S NO WAY TO CHECK UP ON WHAT'S MISSING...BUT THAT'S JUST THE KIND OF CASE ARMY INTELLIGENCE IS TRAINED TO CRACK!

A WEEK LATER...AT THE TRUJADORAN ARMY AIRFIELD...

THE BOMBS ARE LOADED, GENERAL! HAVE YOU ANY PARTICULAR TARGET IN MIND?

TRY THE TOWN OF SALINAS...IT'S THE CENTER OF ALL THIS BOTHER-SOME DEMOCRATIC ACTIVITY!



AND SO...AS A MERE PHASE OF GENERAL RAFITO'S COLDBLOODED SCHEME TO STAY IN POWER...SCORES OF LIVES ARE SNUFFED OUT IN THE BLAST THAT ROCKS SALINAS!

THE NEWS FLASHES AROUND THE WORLD...AND MILLIONS OF PEOPLE SCAN THE BRIEF REPORT IN THE BACK PAGES OF THEIR NEWSPAPERS, AND SOON FORGET WHAT HAPPENED IN SALINAS...ALL EXCEPT ONE MAN!

FRAGMENTS OF THE BOMB THAT PARTLY DESTROYED SALINAS, IN THE REPUBLIC OF TRUJADOR, DEFINITELY PROVE IT IS THE TYPE USED BY THE SLAVONIAN ARMY...

THE DISCOVERY APPEARS TO BEAR OUT GENERAL RAFITO'S CHARGE THAT SLAVONIAN PLANES ARE SECRETLY BASED IN PAZIVIA...

BRAD, THAT TRUJADOR BUSINESS IS COMING TO A FAST BOIL! STEP INTO MY OFFICE, WILL YOU?



BRAD, THIS IS SEÑOR MORDIDA
...THE TRUJADORAN AMBASS-
ADOR! HE HAS SOMETHING HE
WANTS US TO SEE!

AS AN INDI-
CATION OF HOW
HIS HEART BLEEDS
FOR SALINAS...GENERAL
RAFITO HAS SENT ME
PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE COW-
ARDLY ATTACK! I HAVE HURRIED
HERE TO SHOW THEM TO
GENERAL FIELDING WITH-
OUT EVEN TAKING TIME
TO LOOK THEM
OVER!



YOUR PRESIDENT MUST EXAMINE
THESE PICTURES...YOUR CONGRESS
...BECAUSE THEY **PROVE** THAT
TRUJADOR URGENTLY NEEDS
AMERICAN ARMS TO FORESTALL
A SLAVONIAN-BACKED INVASION
FROM PAZIVIA!

FRIEND MORDIDA
WORKS FAST...BUT
THERE SEEMS TO
BE **ONE** PICTURE
HE'S TRYING TO
HIDE!



GENERAL FIELDING AND I
WILL BE HIGHLY INTERESTED IN
THOSE PICTURES, MR.
AMBASSADOR...ESPECIALLY
THE ONE ON THE
BOTTOM!



GENERAL RAFITO...ISN'T IT?
WHAT'S HE DOING WITH THAT
BOMBER?



I THINK WE'RE VERY LUCKY GENERAL
RAFITO IS GETTING BUSY WITH **DEFEN-
SIVE MEASURES**...DON'T YOU, SIR? IF
THE AMBASSADOR WILL LEAVE THESE
PICTURES WITH US...I GIVE MY WORD
THAT THE PROPER ACTION WILL BE
TAKEN!

**AFTER THE AMBASSADOR
BOWS HIMSELF OUT...**

SPOT
SOME-
THING?

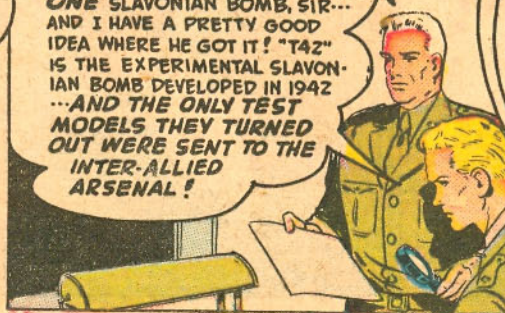
IT'S OBVIOUSLY A
BLOWN-UP SNAPSHOT
TAKEN WITH A MINIATURE
CAMERA...BUT I WANT OUR
PHOTOGRAPHY LAB TO
WORK ON IT! THERE'S ONE
DETAIL THAT MIGHT BE
INTERESTING WHEN IT'S
ENLARGED...**THE BOMB
MOUNTED UNDER
THAT PLANE!**



A HALF-HOUR LATER...

THE ENLARGEMENT'S NONE TOO
SHARP, BRAD... BUT THERE'S NO MIS-
TAKING THE MARKINGS STAMPED
INTO THE BOMB CASING! THERE'S
A **STAR**...AND "**T42**"!

THAT STAR PROVES THAT
GENERAL RAFITO HAD AT LEAST
ONE SLAVONIAN BOMB, SIR...
AND I HAVE A PRETTY GOOD
IDEA WHERE HE GOT IT! "**T42**"
IS THE EXPERIMENTAL SLAVON-
IAN BOMB DEVELOPED IN 1942
...AND THE ONLY TEST
MODELS THEY TURNED
OUT WERE SENT TO THE
**INTER-ALLIED
ARSENAL!**



IT'S DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS
THAT THE MEN WHO BLEW UP
THE ARSENAL HAD BEEN SENT
TO STEAL THOSE SLAVONIAN
BOMBS...GIVING RAFITO AN
EXCUSE FOR ATTACKING
PAZIVIA **AFTER FAKING THE
ATTACK ON SALINAS WITH
ONE OF HIS OWN PLANES!**

EVERY DICTATOR MAKES
A FATALLY STUPID BLUNDER
SOONER OR LATER, BRAD...
AND RAFITO'S FUMBLE
LAY IN SENDING THAT
PICTURE OF HIMSELF
AND THE PILOT!



I DON'T THINK IT **WAS** A BLUNDER! **THIS** PICTURE WAS TAKEN WITH A DIFFERENT CAMERA...BY A DIFFERENT PERSON...AND UNDOUBTEDLY, FOR A DIFFERENT PURPOSE! SINCE THE PHOTOS CAME DIRECTLY FROM RAFITO'S OFFICE, IT MUST HAVE BEEN PLANTED IN THE ENVELOPE BY **SOMEONE** WORKING AGAINST THE DICTATORSHIP... IN AN EFFORT TO SHOW WHAT RAFITO IS UP TO!

ARMY
INTELLIGENCE
HEMISPHERE
DEFENSE
SECTION

RAFITO WILL MAKE SHORT WORK OF THE "TRAITOR" IF HE LEARNS ABOUT THE TIP-OFF! WHOLLY ASIDE FROM OUR STAKE IN CARIBBEAN PEACE...I'D LIKE TO HELP DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT TINHORN TYRANT!

NATURALLY, BRAD, YOU CAN'T ACT IN ANY OFFICIAL CAPACITY!

ON THE OTHER HAND, IF YOU WERE GIVEN AN INDEFINITE LEAVE OF ABSENCE, WHAT YOU DID IN YOUR FREE TIME...WHILE VACATIONING DOWN IN TRUJADOR...WOULD BE YOUR OWN BUSINESS!

ROGER!

WITHIN AN HOUR... ABOARD A CARIBBEAN-BOUND PLANE...

I'VE BROUGHT ALONG THAT BLOWN-UP PICTURE OF RAFITO AND THE BOMB... AND IF WORST COMES TO WORST... I'LL SLAP IT RIGHT DOWN ON HIS DESK!

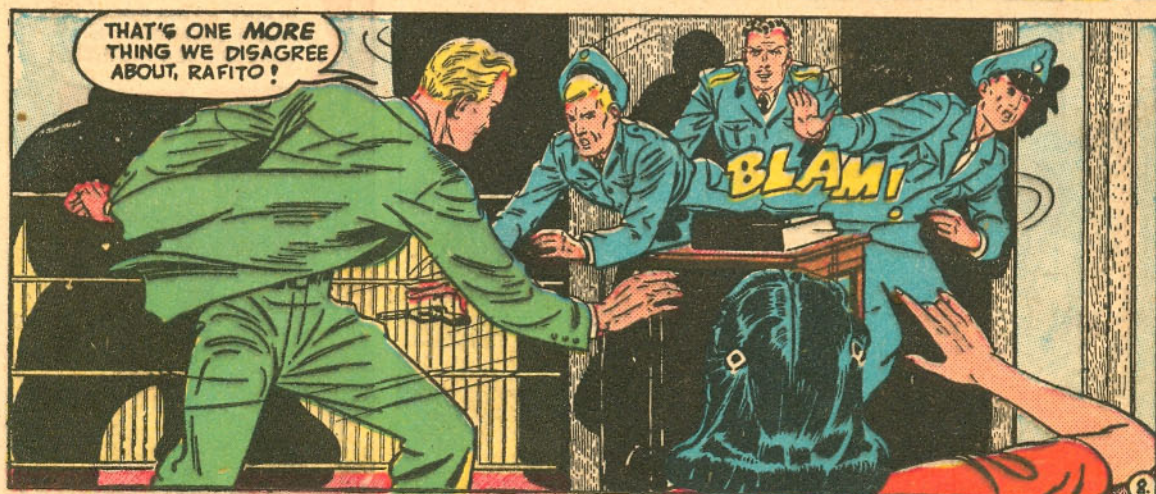
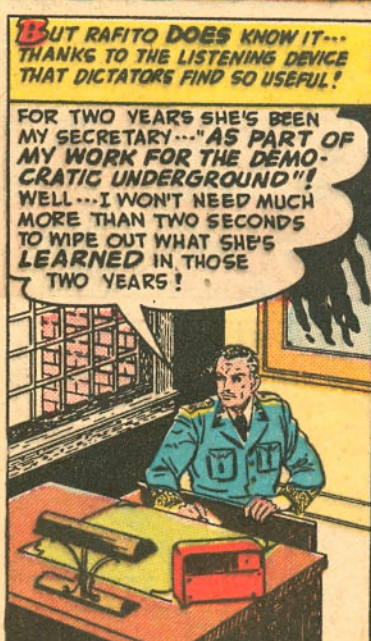
NEXT AFTERNOON... IN TRUJADOR CITY...

NO USE WASTING WEEKS GETTING THE RUN-AROUND BY PETTY POLITICIANS...I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT GIVES RIGHT INSIDE RAFITO'S PRIVATE ROOST!

THE **FIRST** STEP IS TO FIND WHOEVER SENT THAT PICTURE OF RAFITO...AND SOMETIMES AN HONEST BLUFF WORKS WONDERS!

I'M FROM THE COLUMBIA PRESS SYNDICATE! WE WERE PROMISED PICTURES OF GENERAL RAFITO...AND WHAT DO WE GET? A BUNCH OF PUBLICITY SHOTS SHOWING COFFEE PLANTATIONS! IF THAT'S YOUR IDEA OF A GAG, I'VE A GOOD MIND TO POKE YOU IN THE NOSE!

SEÑOR, NOT SO FAST! I HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH IT... BECAUSE ALL PHOTOGRAPHS ARE CLEARED DIRECTLY THROUGH THE GENERAL'S OFFICE! TAKE YOUR COMPLAINT TO HIS SECRETARY, ALICIA RAMIREZ...SHE HANDLES THE PICTURES!





BEFORE THE
CRASHING
ECHOES
FADE...

YOU DON'T NEED **ME** TO TELL YOU ABOUT GENERAL
RAFITO! THE MEN WHO COULD BEST TALK ABOUT HIM
ARE **DEAD**...THE MEN WHO CAN DO SOMETHING
ABOUT HIM ARE **HERE**!

WE'VE WAITED
YEARS! I SAY
NOW...FOR
FREEDOM!



THE CRY IS SPREAD FROM STREET TO STREET...
HOUSE TO HOUSE...AND MINUTES LATER...

**TO THE
CAPITAL!**



AS THE HANDS ON THE PALACE CLOCK
CREEP TOWARD MIDNIGHT...

ANOTHER CRAWLING DELEGATION
TO ASK FOR SCHOOLS AND IRRIGATION!
DIABLO...THEY'RE ARMED!



BEFORE THE DICTATOR'S PRIVATE GUARD CAN MOUNT MACHINE GUNS...



IN A BULLDOZER RUSH
THROUGH THE BARRACKS...

OUR MAIN GROUP CAN
MOP UP THE CENTER OF
TOWN! LET'S GET
ALICIA!



ONE SHOT FROM THAT SQUAD,
AMIGO...AND YOUR NECK WILL
DOUBLE FOR A CORKSCREW!

THEY'RE
HERE...THEY'RE
HERE!



AS THE SOLDIERS JOIN THE
REBELS...

CHURCH BELLS ARE
BOOMING ALL OVER THE
CITY! I GUESS YOU KNOW
WHAT THAT MEANS,
ALICIA!

YES...THE END
OF GENERAL RAFITO!
WE'VE WON OUR FREE-
DOM THE HARD WAY...
AND LIKE YOU
AMERICANS...
**WE'LL NEVER
GIVE IT UP!**



MOST LATIN AMERICAN
NATIONS ARE TRUE DEM-
OCRACIES! BUT FOR MORE
STORIES ABOUT THOSE THAT
AREN'T...WATCH
SPY-HUNTERS!

True ESPIONAGE CASES

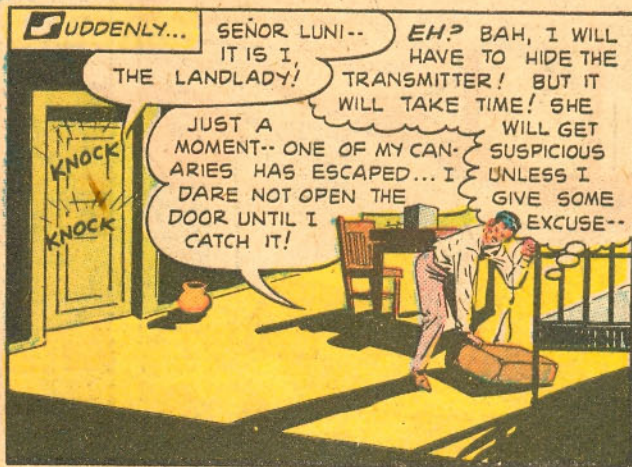
CASE of the SINGING CANARIES

ONE OF THE NAZI'S DEADLY ST SPIES DURING THE LAST WAR WAS ENRIQUE LUNI--WHOSE ACCOMPLICES CONSISTED OF A CAGEFUL OF TWITTERING CANARIES! THEIR SINGING HELPED SEND MANY ALLIED SHIPS TO THE BOTTOM--UNTIL THEY BETRAYED THEIR MASTER ONE DAY AND MADE HIM SING A DIFFERENT TUNE...



ENRIQUE LUNI LANDED IN HAVANA ON SEPTEMBER 29, 1941, POSING AS A REFUGEE WHO HAD ESCAPED A NAZI CONCENTRATION CAMP! SOON, HIS FAVORITE ACTIVITY WAS THE FREQUENTING OF BARS WHICH CATERED TO ALLIED SAILORS...

THEN, AFTER ASSEMBLING THE RADIO-TRANSMITTING SET WHICH HE HAD BOUGHT PIECEMEAL TO AVOID AROUSING SUSPICION, LUNI STEPPED INTO A PET SHOP!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, AFTER LUNI HAD ALL SIGNS OF HIS TRANSMITTING ACTIVITIES...

AH, I HAVE FINALLY CAUGHT HIM! THE LITTLE RASCAL-- HE WAS SO DIFFICULT TO CATCH!

SEÑOR LUNI, MY OTHER LODGERS ARE COMPLAINING! YOUR BIRDS--THEY MAKE TOO MUCH NOISE WITH THEIR SINGING!



I AM SORRY, SEÑORA! MY CANARIES ARE SWEET MUSIC TO MY SOUL! I PAY MY RENT AND I DEMAND MY RIGHTS! MY CANARIES WILL **CONTINUE TO SING--** BUT I WILL TRY TO KEEP THEM **QUIETER!**

THE MEDDLING FOOL! I WILL HAVE TO DO ALL MY TRANSMITTING FROM THE **CELLAR** FROM NOW ON!



BUT A FEW NIGHTS LATER, WHILE LUNI WAS DOWN IN THE CELLAR...

I CANNOT SLEEP BECAUSE OF THOSE INFERNAL CANARIES! HE ISN'T HERE-- HE WILL NOT KNOW IT WAS I WHO LET MYSELF IN WITH A PASSKEY AND COVERED THE CAGE TO SILENCE THEM!



POR DIOS-- THESE BIRDS ARE SILENT NOW, BUT THERE ARE **MORE** DOWN IN THE CELLAR! **NO-- NOT BIRDS!** IT... IT SOUNDS LIKE A SIGNALLING THING-- A **RADIO!** I WILL TELL THE POLICE--!



AND SOON AFTERWARDS...

GET YOUR

HIMMEL!

HANDS UP, SEÑOR-- UNLESS YOU WISH TO DIE NOW INSTEAD OF IN FRONT OF A FIRING SQUAD!



THEN HEINRICH AUGUST LUNING, ALIAS ENRIQUE LUNI, BEGAN SINGING HIMSELF-- REVEALING HIS CONNECTIONS WITH OTHER SPIES IN PANAMA AND HONDURAS! CUBA'S SUPREME COURT PASSED SENTENCE ON HIM SHORTLY AFTERWARDS...



DUCK SOUP

HAROLD PARKER stopped midway across the open field and looked up at the sky. High overhead, a flight of ducks were on their way south for the winter, and Harold suddenly remembered that he was supposed to look like a hunter. Hastily flinging his gun up to his shoulder, but purposely aiming wide, he pulled the trigger. The flight flew by undisturbed, and Harold tried to look disgusted as he started trudging once more toward the hills in the distance.

He knew there was probably no one around to watch him, but he couldn't take any chances. His mission was too important, and he *had* to look like a wandering duck hunter instead of the Counter-Espionage agent he was.

Yes, he knew only too well how necessary it was for him to succeed on this assignment—because America's entire security was at stake. For months now, ever since the secret rocket-testing center had been set up here in the Canadian interior, U.S. Intelligence had evidence of a secret spy ring in operation. All rockets fired were tracked by government radar, so that crews could get out to the point where the rockets had finally come to earth, and salvage the vitally important instruments aboard. But lately, *others* had beaten the salvaging crews to the punch, for when the technicians finally got to the rockets, they found them invariably stripped of their instruments.

And that meant only one thing—there was *another* radar station tracking the rockets, sending out agents to seize the invaluable instruments. All the

surrounding area had been searched, but the wilderness had made a thorough scrutiny impossible. There were thousands of places where a radar station could be set up and camouflaged beyond all hope of detection!

There was only one hope left—and that was Harold Parker, ace Intelligence agent, crack woodsman, and repository of whole libraries of odd bits of information, all of which were tucked neatly away in his head and catalogued for future use. No one else knew these Canadian woods as Harold did, and if anyone could find evidence of the foreign radar agents, Harold was the man!

But right now there was another flight of ducks coming toward him from out of the northeast, and Harold stopped to watch them. Suddenly, before his amazed eyes, the ducks seemed to flare up, change direction, and scatter confusedly in all directions. They reformed their flight again further northward, but when they once more reached a point just above that little pine-studded knoll, they reared up again as if shot at and repeated the same strange performance!

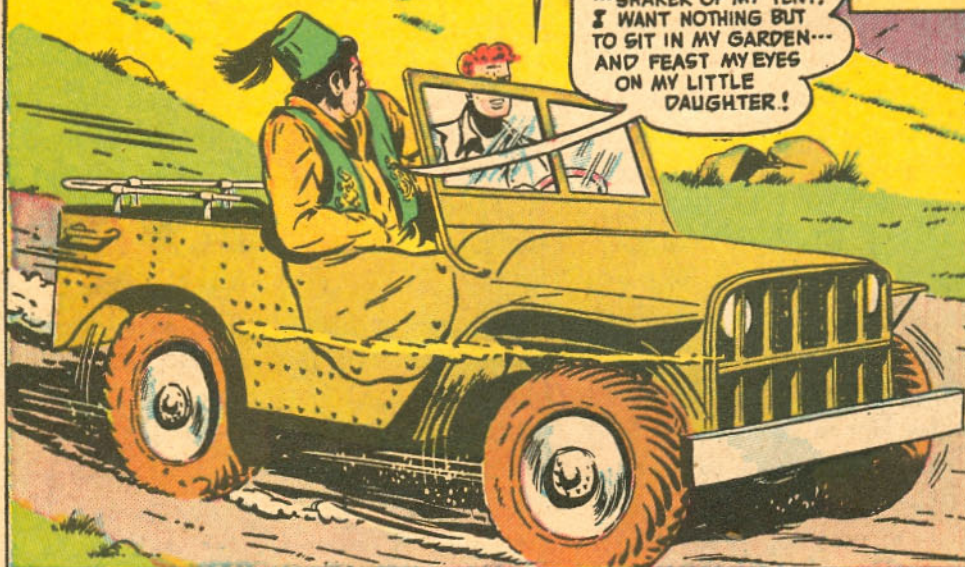
Grinning, Harold removed the little walkie-talkie from his knapsack, called his base, and gave the location of the knoll. Within a matter of hours, he knew, U.S. agents and Canadian Mounties would be swarming down on that knoll from all directions. And minutes after that, they'd be making duck soup out of that radar station and the foreign agents who'd been too dumb to know that migrating ducks were *allergic to radar!*

TROUBLE ⁱⁿ TEHERAN

IT'S SURE BEEN A RUGGED ASSIGNMENT, HAROUN---AFTER I CAME TO PERSIA EXPECTING TO DIG OIL WELLS! OUR MAPPING SURVEY **DID** UNCOVER SOME PROMISING LOCATIONS---BUT AFTER TWO MONTHS IN THE WILDERNESS, I'M IN NO HURRY TO GO BACK! ALL I WANT **NOW** IS TO PICK UP MY PLANE IN TABRIZ AND FLY TO TEHERAN---AND **SOMHOW** DIG UP A GIRL TO TAKE TO THE PREMIER'S RECEPTION!

IF YOU THINK PERSIA IS A COUNTRY OF NOTHING BUT RUG WEAVERS AND DREAMY-EYED DANCING GIRLS---YOU'VE GOT NO IDEA HOW CERTAIN SPIES GET AROUND! WHAT THEY'RE AFTER---AND WHAT THEY GET---ALL ADDS UP TO A WHIRLWIND RIOT OF TROUBLE IN TEHERAN!

LISTEN TO ME, BROCK---SHARER OF MY TENT! I WANT NOTHING BUT TO SIT IN MY GARDEN---AND FEAST MY EYES ON MY LITTLE DAUGHTER!



GOSH---I'VE BEEN HEARING ABOUT THAT KID EVERY TIME WE PITCHED CAMP! TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO---I'LL STOP OFF LONG ENOUGH IN TABRIZ TO GIVE HER A PIGGY-BACK RIDE!

OH-HO---YOU AMAZING AMERICANS!



SUDDENLY---

ROAD BLOCK! BETTER START HONING THAT DAGGER, CHUM!



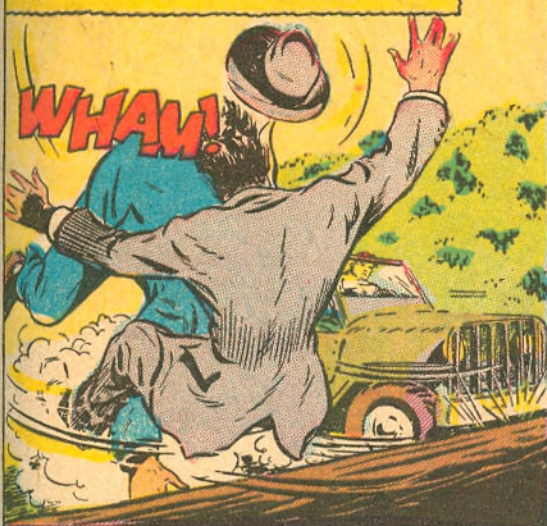
AHEAD---JUST WHERE THE ROAD STARTS TO TURN IN A DOWNHILL HAIRPIN CURVE---

THE IDIOT---DOES HE THINK HE'S DRIVING A BULLDOZER?

HOLD ON, HAROUN!



AS BROCK SWINGS THE JEEP SHARPLY...



WHAW!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT
THE LOG'S FOR, BOYS
... BUT GO CLIMB A
TREE!



POW!

GRAB HIM---
HE'S TRYING
TO ESCAPE!

STRICTLY A RUMOR,
RATS--- DON'T
BELIEVE IT!

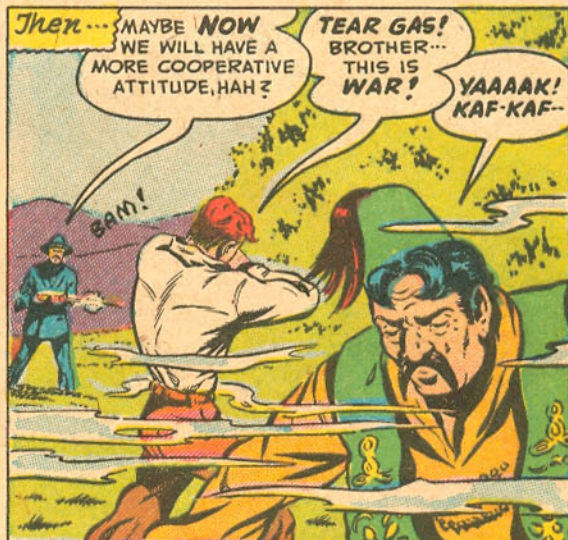


BOOM!

Then... MAYBE NOW
WE WILL HAVE A
MORE COOPERATIVE
ATTITUDE, HAH?

TEAR GAS!
BROTHER---
THIS IS
WAR!

YAAAAAK!
KAF-KAF--



BAM!

WITH BROCK AND HAROUN
STAGGERING BLINDLY...

I'M NOT AFRAID OF THAT
YANKEE FOOL, COMRADE---
BUT LET'S NOT WASTE ANY
TIME FINDING THOSE
MAPS!



... HERE THEY ARE!
THIS WILL GET
US THE ESPION-
AGE HERO'S
MEDAL... THIRD
CLASS!

GOOD... YOU'VE LOCATED
THE MAPS! BUT ALI'S STILL
ON THE UPPER ROAD, EH?
... NO! THERE HE IS, CLIMB-
ING DOWN NOW!



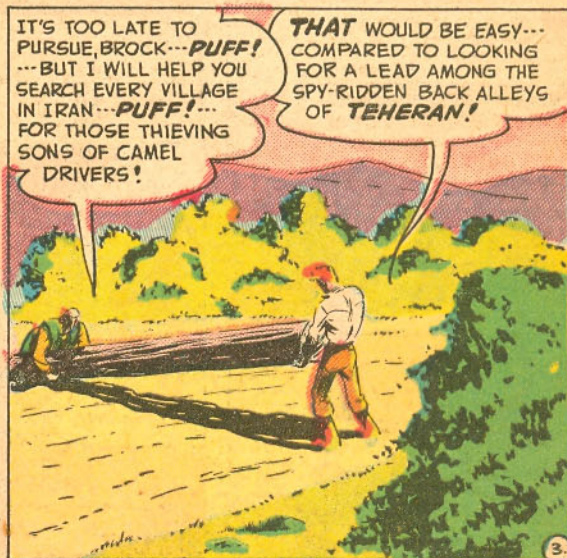
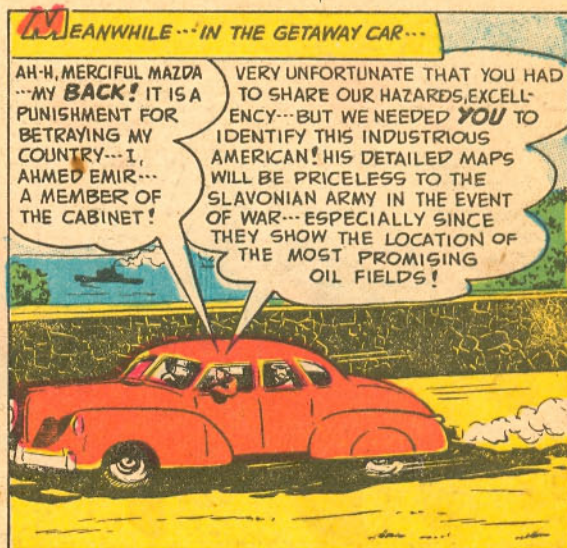
... IS THE LAST SPY CLAMBERS OVER
THE EDGE ...

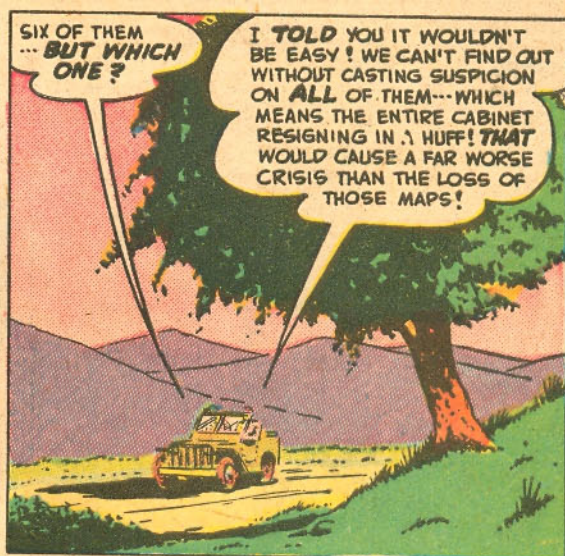
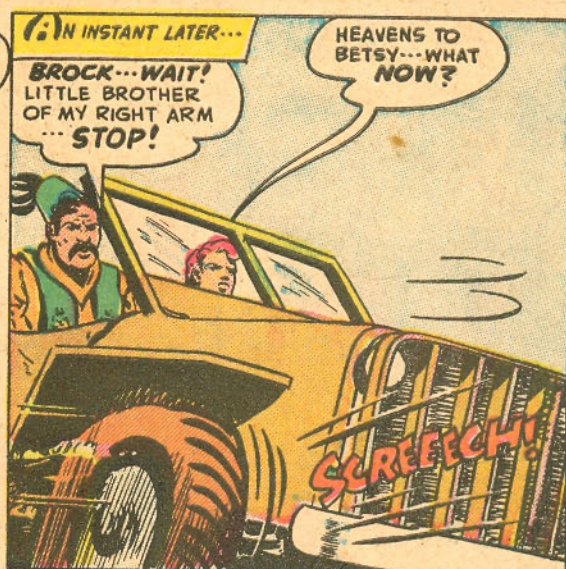
CLEAR THE
WAY DOWN
THERE---
HE'S
COMING!

YOU'LL NEVER GET
PROMOTED TO A
FIRING SQUAD
WITH THAT KIND
OF SHOOTING,
BUB!



BANG!







YES--- MY
LITTLE
DAUGHTER!
MY GEM!

FATHER!

FAWZIA, YOU WILL SEE WHAT IMPORTANT WORK YOUR FATHER HAS BEEN DOING FOR THE GLORY OF PERSIA AND THE PROPHET! THIS IS THE FRIEND OF MY BOSOM, BROCK HAMMOND --- WHO IS FLYING IMMEDIATELY TO TEHRAN TO DEAL WITH A DOG OF A TRAITOR!

WELL, AHH---NOT IMMEDIATELY, HAROUN! THE AIRPORT CREW WILL NEED AT LEAST AN HOUR TO FUEL AND SERVICE MY PLANE!



"YOU MUST COME AND WAIT IN OUR GARDEN," SAYS FAWZIA---AND IF YOU THINK BROCK DIDN'T---YOU'RE CRAZY!

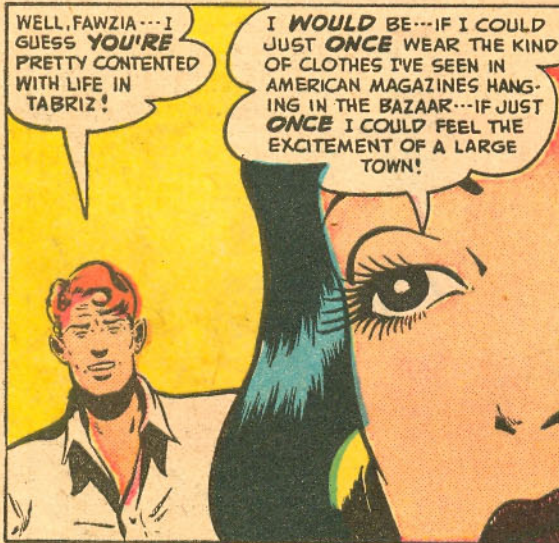
AH, MY FRIEND---CAN YOU TELL ME ANYTHING MORE BLISSFUL THAN RETURNING?

SURE---NOT LEAVING IN THE FIRST PLACE!



WELL, FAWZIA---I GUESS YOU'RE PRETTY CONTENTED WITH LIFE IN TABRIZ!

I WOULD BE---IF I COULD JUST ONCE WEAR THE KIND OF CLOTHES I'VE SEEN IN AMERICAN MAGAZINES HANGING IN THE BAZAAR---IF JUST ONCE I COULD FEEL THE EXCITEMENT OF A LARGE TOWN!



LIKE MOST AVERAGE JOES---ONCE IN A WHILE BROCK GETS AN IDEA THAT IS PURE GENIUS!

HAROUN---REMEMBER MY MENTIONING I NEEDED A DATE FOR THE PREMIER'S RECEPTION? SUPPOSE I FLEW FAWZIA DOWN TO TEHRAN---AND TOOK HER?

FRIEND OF MY BOSOM---AMONG US LOWLY, OUR DAUGHTERS ARE REARED STRICTLY---

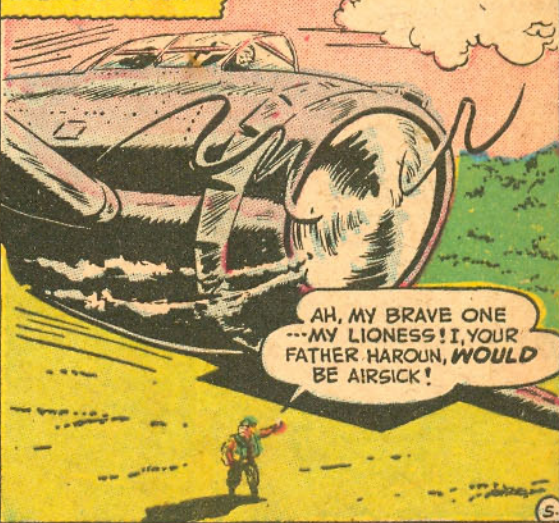


WAIT! AND SUPPOSE, AT THAT RECEPTION, FAWZIA HELPED ME TRAP THE TRAITOROUS CABINET MINISTER---THE ONE WITH THE SPRAINED BACK?

FAWZIA---HEED YOUR FATHER! DO NOT, IN THE NAME OF ALLAH, BRING DISGRACE UPON MY HOUSE---BY GETTING AIRSICK!



MINUTES LATER---



AH, MY BRAVE ONE---MY LIONESSE! I, YOUR FATHER HAROUN, WOULD BE AIRSICK!



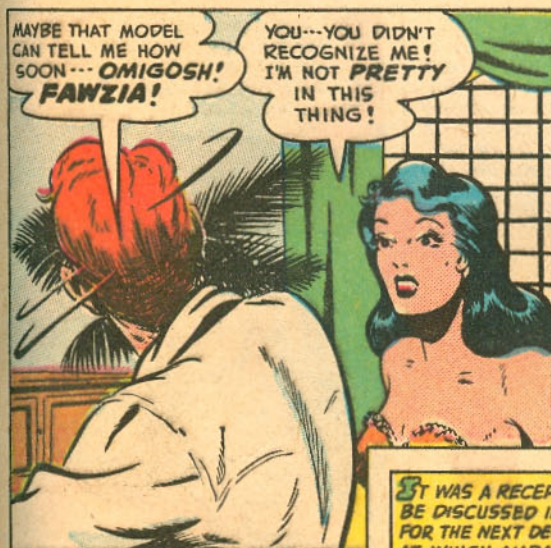
AH, THE NIGHTS I'VE DREAMED OF GOING TO A **REAL** PARTY... WEARING **REAL** CLOTHES! BUT BY WHAT MAGIC WILL I GET THEM?

IT'S A KIND OF **EXPENSIVE** MAGIC KNOWN AS A FRENCH DRESSMAKER! THERE HAPPENS TO BE ONE IN TEHERAN... AND WHEN **SHE'S** FINISHED WITH YOU... ALL YOU'LL NEED IS THE PEARL NECKLACE I WAS DUMB ENOUGH TO BUY FROM A STREET VENDOR!



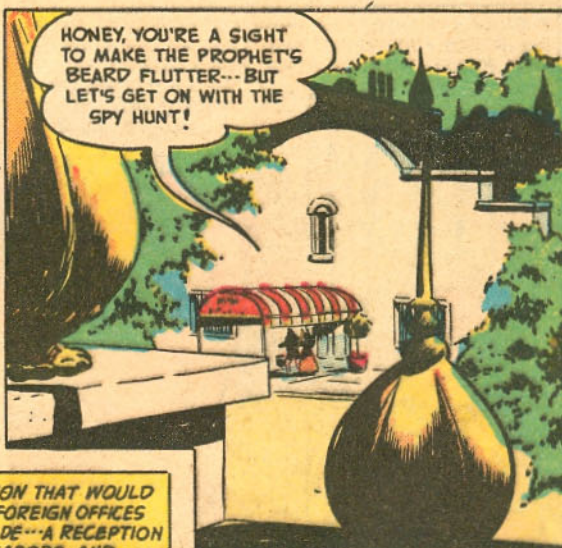
LATE THAT AFTERNOON... IN A TEHERAN DRESS SHOP...

I NEVER GUESSED THAT FITTING A DRESS WOULD TAKE **THIS** LONG! THE RECEPTION'S ONLY A FEW HOURS OFF... AND I'LL HAVE TO BRIEF FAWZIA ON WHAT I WANT HER TO DO!



MAYBE THAT MODEL CAN TELL ME HOW SOON... **OMIGOSH! FAWZIA!**

YOU... YOU DIDN'T RECOGNIZE ME! I'M NOT **PRETTY** IN THIS THING!



HONEY, YOU'RE A SIGHT TO MAKE THE PROPHET'S BEARD FLUTTER... BUT LET'S GET ON WITH THE SPY HUNT!

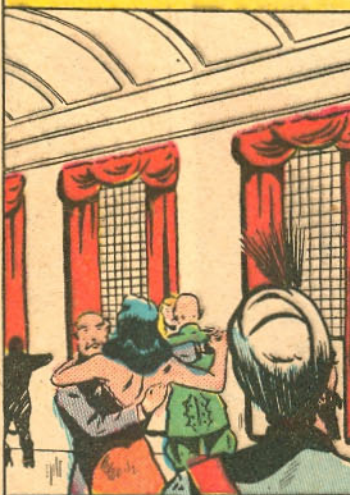


THAT NIGHT... AT THE PREMIER'S PALACE...

I WANT YOU TO HAVE FUN... BUT FIRST... YOU'RE SURE YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO?

CLEARLY... AND AS YOU TOLD ME... I WILL WAIT UNTIL JUST BEFORE THE END OF THE RECEPTION!

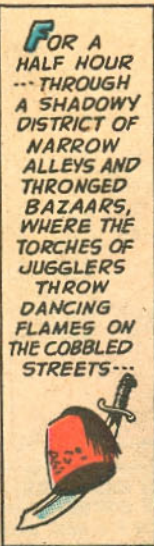
IT WAS A RECEPTION THAT WOULD BE DISCUSSED IN FOREIGN OFFICES FOR THE NEXT DECADE... A RECEPTION AT WHICH AMBASSADORS AND MAHARAJAS RUBBED SHOULDERS WITH FIELD MARSHALS... AND A BEAUTIFUL GIRL STALKED A SPY!

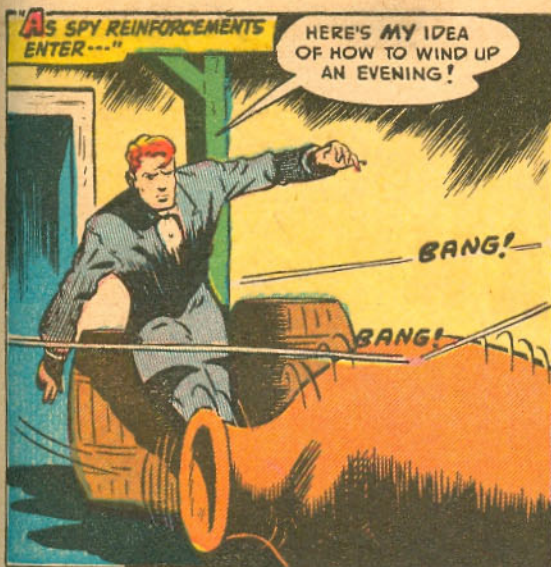


SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

A PITY THE SHAH IS IN THE HILLS FOR THE TIGER SEASON! HE WOULD JOIN US, HIS ENTIRE CABINET, IN PAYING HOMAGE TO THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN IRAN!

BROCK JUST SIGNALLED! NOW... JUST AS IF IT WERE AN ACCIDENT...





Let's Go, Pal!
I'll prove I can make you

"The Jowett System is the greatest in the world!" says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director.
Atlantic City

an "ALL-AROUND" HE-MAN

FAST — or it won't cost you a cent —
says George F. Jowett — World's Greatest Body Builder

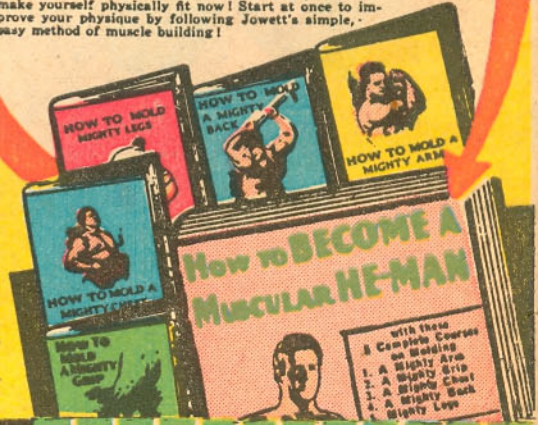
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FOR ONLY **10c**
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BUILD A BODY YOU WILL BE PROUD OF!
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All in 1 great complete volume **FOR ONLY 10c**
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• World's weight lifting champion at 19
• Reputed to have the strongest arms in the world
• Four times winner of the world's most perfectly developed body... plus many, many other world records!

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REX FERRIS
Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he: "I owe everything to Jowett methods!" Look at this chest — then consider the value of the Jowett Courses!



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(Please Print Plainly, Include Zone Number)

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BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead . . . according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's *good night!*"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you—are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of otherwise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are . . . and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them . . . if they *want* to!

"He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man" . . . super at track, games, sports of all kinds . . . who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

Even Cute Girls Become Careless

Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!



FELLOWS! GIRLS!
Keep Skin Clear and Clean!

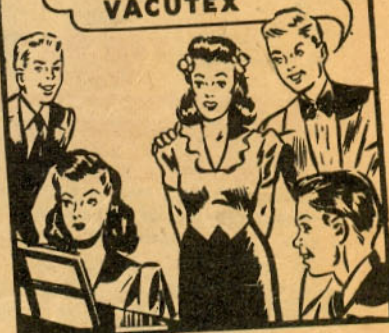
UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT in Seconds with VACUTEX

NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless . . . safe . . . fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores . . . make your skin look grimy and dingy . . . give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it—quickly!—without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germ-y fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX—now!



AREN'T YOU GLAD
WE HEARD ABOUT
VACUTEX



**No Squeezing
No Infection
No Injury
to Skin
Tissues!**



Just place VACUTEX over blackhead—
release extractor—and blackhead's out!

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☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage.

My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

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ADDRESS _____

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LENGTH
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NOW!

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't send a penny. Mail coupon and pay postman only \$1.00 plus postage. Or save all postage by enclosing \$1.00 with guarantee coupon. If not thrilled to be rid of embarrassing hated blackheads this new quick way—just return VACUTEX in 10 days and get \$1 back. Order today!

TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it—with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!

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- NOW . . . A REAL FISHING KIT JUST LIKE DAD'S!



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THE FIGHTING CLOWN

Hey kids! Here's real fun, lots of action, real sport with PUNCHO — colorful, lively, animated punching bag. Knock it down, it always comes back at you for more! An ideal tackling dummy — wrestling partner — sparring partner. Punched against a wall it becomes a rapid punching bag. Perfect as an exerciser and trainer, indoors or out. Made of extra heavy long lasting vinylite, over 32 inches tall, with metal valve for easy inflation. **SEND NO MONEY.** (C.O.D., you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.



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TERRIFIC VALUE!

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SENSATIONAL DRINK AND WET DOLL in washable rubber WONDERSKIN with life-like hair and realistic hair-wave kit complete with 24 plastic curlers, 24 rubber waving bands, 60 waving end papers, plastic comb and 3-oz. bottle of doll hair lotion. **ADORABLE SANDY**, 11 inches tall, has sparkling blue eyes that open and close — she drinks from her bottle with rubber nipple (included) and then wets her diaper. You can bathe her — move her cuddly arms, legs and head — make her stand, walk and sleep.

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